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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LXXXVII NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 25 NUMBER 1260

Ramparts at Guam?

The excitement over whether or not Guam is to be fortified as a strong naval base illustrates perfectly the connection between armament and foreign policy. It is completely unnecessary, for the purpose of defending Hawaii or the continental United States, to establish a naval base on this remote Pacific island. But if we expect to attempt defense of the Philippines against Japan, this project would give us at least a slim chance. Naval and military men, in making their plans, assume as an axiom that they must be ready to do whatever the civil government may require. They do not know whether they will be expected to defend the Philippines or not. Therefore they recommend fortification of Guam so as not to be caught in a jam.

For years we have been trying to get rid of the Philippines. They represent a net loss to the nation; only a few private investors and Filipinos themselves, who would miss free access to American markets, oppose complete independence. Should we spend millions more and risk a war to defend them? Guam, furthermore, is within striking distance of Japan itself; a base there would be regarded as a threat of aggression by the Japanese, who are frightened and enraged by the proposal.

On the other hand, Japan herself scrapped the treaty under which Guam remained unfortified. The President and the Department of State are continually protesting against Japan's activities in China. Do they expect to carry these protests to the extent of provoking Japan to fight us? Do we intend to force an embargo through naval blockade? In that case, Guam might be useful—though the projected works could not be finished in time for action within several years.

What is our policy about Japan, anyway? At present it looks as if the Western powers were preparing to close in on her. Britain has just sent a stiff note to Tokyo, paralleling our stand on the Open Door and refusing, like us, to recognize Japan's conquests. Here, as elsewhere, we are drifting in a warlike direction. A vote to fortify Guam might not exactly declare the intention of Congress to fight. It might be just another pawn in the diplomatic struggle. But when pawns are advanced, knights and castles are in danger.

Spain

The fall of the ancient Roman town of Tarragona, on January 15, marked the greatest advance, so far, in the offensive Franco is aiming at Barcelona. With an artillery concentration of World War proportions (an estimated 30,000 shells a day) and tremendous air superiority, the Insurgents were able to move halfway to Barcelona from their starting point, taking about the lower quarter of Catalonia. The Republican attacks in Estremadura, on the Tagus south of Madrid and near Granada, did not divert the Fascists from their major objectives (though a report that Valentín González, the famous divisional commander known as "El Campesino," had been sent to the southern area indicated that the government was not abandoning this strategy). From the Loyalist side came the news that 200,000

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1939, IN THE U.S.A. BY EDITORIAL PUBLICATIONS, INC., 40 EAST 49TH ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.
ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879

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men had been called to arms and a general mobilization for resistance was being carried out in Catalonia. The Republican army is still intact, after successfully making the difficult withdrawal from the pocket along the coast between Tortosa and Tarragona. Above all, the morale of the troops and the rearguard is reported to be excellent.

Internationally, Spain was brought to the news by an announcement, at the opening meeting of the League of Nations Council, that there were no non-Spanish combatants fighting for the Government, by Mussolini's threats to France that any aid to the Republic would enrage the Rome-Berlin axis, and by the increase of sentiment in France in favor of such aid.

The Spanish Embargo

Too late for inclusion in the correspondence department, we received a pressing letter from Dr. Herman F. Reissig, of the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy. The gist of it is printed below:

Readers of The New Republic, one may assume, understand the danger of our embargo against the Spanish Republic. But they may not be aware that the minority opposed to the lifting of the embargo, which has organized the Keep the Embargo Committee, has begun a pressure campaign of tremendous proportions.

This minority, frightened by evidence that the majority of Americans want Congress to terminate an intolerable situation, is holding meetings in virtually every city and is flooding Washington with telegrams. There is danger that this highly organized minority may actually thwart the clear will of the majority.

May I urge that everyone who sees the menace of the Hitler-Mussolini-Franco aggression should not only take immediate action himself, but make himself a committee of one to see that the opinion of the majority is registered in Washington? Telegrams should be sent to President Roosevelt, Senator Key Pittman and to one's own Senators and Representatives.

Hungary Joins the Axis

That Hungary would join the Fascist bloc has been almost certain ever since Munich. For years before that it seemed probable, because of the Hungarian resentment over the trimming of their nation by the Treaty of Trianon, and the relaxing by France of her once firm grip on Southeastern Europe. Munich made it quite clear that the Balkan countries must join Hitler or risk Czecho-Slovakia's fate. They do not need to become part of the Third Reich in fact; cultural and economic domination are enough. With Hungary in the fascist orbit, Rumania's position becomes extremely difficult. Hungary would like nothing better than to seize the vast territory of Transylvania, transferred to Rumania after the Great War. In self-defense the Rumanians must either join Soviet Russia and risk war with a Hungarian-German coalition, or sell out to Hitler, for a promise that he will restrain Hungarian ambition. To force the issue, Hitler is financing large-scale anti-Rumanian propaganda among the Transylvanians. We hope Mr. Chamberlain enjoys looking at the results of his handiwork in Eastern Europe.

The Homeless Junction

Most of the 1,300 evicted sharecroppers, who have been camping on U.S. highways 60 and 61, near Sikeston, Missouri, in protest against their economic plight, have been cleared away. They have pitched a makeshift "tent city" called "The Homeless Junction" inside the river flood-spillway at New Madrid, and there they intend to stay until Congress recognizes and tries to solve their problem. One of the first things Congress could do, if it cared, would be to increase the WPA appropriation. Relief expenditures will do nothing to end the basic causes of the sharecroppers' misery, but at least they would prevent 700,000 tenant-farmer families from starving during the next three months. Apparently Congress is not even sufficiently interested to do that. The problem of the Southern tenant farmers, briefly, is the result of low cotton prices, the limitation of cotton acreage and rapid increase in farm mechanization in certain areas, as well as the inherent evils of the sharecropper system. In addition a source of much discontent has been the devices the planters use to avoid sharing with their tenants government subsidies for crop-reduction, as the law demands. The planters tried to convert the tenants into day laborers; it was this that caused the eviction of the 500 families now in protest encampment.

Free Bread for the Bear

The Soviet Union is seriously considering the distribution of free bread on the same basis as it now supplies water. According to The Week, the confidential London news-letter, the plan may be put into effect before the end of 1939. The practical details have been worked out, although they have not been made public. Discussion in Moscow centers around the question: Is this the best possible use, from the viewpoint of the general standard of living, of the USSR's available resources? The planners do not expect an enormous rise in the consumption of bread, if it is converted into a free commodity. The most important effect of the proposal, they believe, would be upon the consumption of other, less necessary goods. A huge volume of purchasing power would be released, of course, by the edict making bread as free as light, air and water. The most striking feature of The Week's report is the statement that the proposal—which will certainly startle public opinion in most other countries—has been taken by the Russians in a most matter-of-fact way. They are accustomed to think about possibilities such as this as logical probabilities in the course of the Soviet Union's development. And already a number of public services (electricity, telephones, "free" travel aids) are offered

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virtually without charge. So the basic idea of free bread excites little comment.

Refugee Children

Holland and England have opened their doors to large groups of refugee children from Germany—the most pathetic of all the victims of Hitler's sadism. Thus far the United States government has taken no step in this direction. A few days ago a distinguished group of clergymen, Catholic and Protestant, memorialized the President on this subject. Their petition said:

> Working within and under the laws of Congress, through special enactment if necessary, the nation can offer sanctuary to a part of these children by united expression of its will to help.
>
> To us it seems that the duty of Americans in dealing with the youthful victims of a regime which punishes innocent and tender children as if they were offenders, is to remember the admonition of Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me." And in that spirit we call on all Americans to join together without regard to race, religion or creed in offering refuge to children as a token of our sympathy and as a symbol of our faith in the ideals of human brotherhood.

Touchstone for Garner

Vice President Garner is said to be receptive to the Democratic presidential nomination in 1940. For that, unless the party is to be split, he will need at least the tacit support of the liberal Democrats. Does he deserve such support? It is hard to know for certain, because "Cactus Jack" seldom says anything in public. At present, however, there is a sure touchstone. The Senate now has the chance to grant or refuse a new appropriation for the La Follette committee on civil liberties, which is doing an indispensable job, as we pointed out last week. No important opposition to the committee exists, except on the part of anti-union employers, the labor-espionage agencies and similar dark forces. A word from Garner could save the committee. But it is reported, on the best of authority, that he wants to kill it. If the committee dies, we shall know whose interests Mr. Garner is primarily serving.

Taxes or Terror

The annual opportunity of the Internal Revenue Department to grill millionaires and everyone else is now rolling around, and we should like to remind them of something they are missing. There are about four million state, county and municipal employees who pay no federal taxes, and the income of this group is estimated to be about six billion dollars a year. Then we'd also like to remind all the states that have income taxes that they are missing a great bet on the million federal employees, with an estimated income of about half a billion. And while we're reminding we might as well include Congress, to whose attention President Roosevelt presented the situation last year. It's true that the possible income from this source to the federal government is guessed to be only somewhere between fifteen and thirty million dollars a year, but if Congress ever gets into the "thrifty mood" that the Republican papers are always claiming for it, perhaps it will think even that worth reaping. The real danger of the situation, though, as Mr. Westbrook Pegler points out, is that these citizens of the United States are being denied their proper equality with all their fellow citizens. And this way lie discontent, disloyalty and rebellion, things to which we believe Congress to be opposed.

For the Students by the Students

The generous offer of scholarships for student refugees made by Harvard College and its students has been widely copied. Yale, Fordham, Bryn Mawr, Radcliffe, Mount Holyoke, Northwestern, Swarthmore, the University of Wyoming, Columbia and about fifty other colleges have established committees to help those whom the Nazis have robbed of the chance for education. Harvard offered twenty $500 scholarships for German refugee students with the proviso that the undergraduate body raise an additional $10,000 to pay for living expenses. The money was subscribed in six weeks. Most of the other college refugee-aid plans are on the same basis: the administration and the student body match equal contributions. During Christmas vacation delegates from thirty colleges and universities met and formed an Intercollegiate Committee to Aid Student Refugees. It will assist in coördinating the work of the campus locals, help in the difficult task of raising money, act as a clearing-house for information and technical advice and try to increase national sympathy for the project. This program of student-help-student works both ways. Since its inception, the Nazi government has been sending us exchange students, carefully handpicked to represent the Hitler government. For a change, the classmates of German students in American universities will get the minority report.

Virginibus Puerisque

We learn from its official letterhead that the "Secreatry" of the Dies Committee is Mr. Stripling.

News Notes of a Week

The World Jewish Congress rejected Germany's plan which would have forced the ransoming of Jewish refugees by large foreign purchases of German goods. . . . A series of explosions near power plants and waterworks in England were attributed by officials to the forces of the outlawed Irish Republicans. . . . Frank Kluckhohn, correspondent of The New York Times in Mexico, was ordered to leave that country at once.

President Roosevelt recommended to Congress liberalization of the social-security law under which the whole population would eventually be included, old-

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age insurance would begin sooner and with larger payments and help for dependent children would be increased. . . . Federal Judge Oliver Dickinson in Philadelphia ruled that "a peaceful picket or peaceful picketing" is "a myth," and granted a preliminary injunction against a CIO union of shoe clerks that has been picketing chain stores in that city. . . . The Senate Special Committee on Unemployment and Relief came forward with an elaborate plan to take relief out of politics—a worthy project but a comical gesture in view of the fact that it has been Congress which insisted on putting politics into relief. An innocent-sounding proposal by the committee for increasing unemployment insurance contains a joker that would substitute miserably small insurance payments for work relief, thus restoring all the objectionable features of the dole on an even worse basis than usual.

Appeasement at Rome

THE PUBLIC VERSION of Chamberlain's visit to Mussolini is that the British Prime Minister, stiffened by the refusal of France to give an inch to Italy's territorial demands, made no concessions to Il Duce, and that the latter was also stubborn, saying that no conference could be held to negotiate a general peace until after Franco had won the Spanish civil war. It was rumored, too, that Hitler had told his ally not to press his demands against France for another year. Chamberlain returned to London, it is said, ready to admit that the policy of appeasement had failed. It is predicted that he will now invite Eden to join his Cabinet and prepare to check further Fascist aggression.

This conclusion, it seems to us, is a complete distortion of what happened, resting on a misconception of Chamberlain's attitude and misleading as to the future. Let us visualize the actual situation. Italy is definitely weaker than France alone in respect to army, navy and economic resources. France is in a mood to resist a growth of Italian power. If Britain's might were thrown into the scales against her, Italy could certainly hope for nothing. Hitler does not want to help Mussolini fight Britain and France now, for he is busy preparing the advances to the eastward for which the Munich "appeasement" gave him the opportunity. Chamberlain could therefore go to Rome to demand almost anything he wanted, and to enforce the demand if it were refused. Suppose he had spoken in substance as follows: "You long ago agreed, together with the other great powers, not to interfere in the Spanish war. You have never kept that agreement. Later you negotiated a pact with me preliminary to a settlement of all our outstanding differences, to come into effect only after you had withdrawn a substantial number of troops from Franco's armies. You have not done this either; Italian divisions are today battering at Barcelona. I now demand that you get out of Spain at once, bag and baggage. If you do not, I have no choice but to regard the non-intervention agreement as dead, and to point out that you have canceled your pact with me. I cannot make new contracts with anyone who persists in breaking old ones. You must now choose appeasement if you expect ever to have it."

If Chamberlain had said anything like that, he would have given real evidence of stiffness. Mussolini might have declined, but in that case he would have been powerless to do anything about it. Chamberlain would have gone back to London and made the first item in his agenda the lifting of the embargo on aid to the Spanish government on the part of Britain and France. Italy would not have dared to strike back. The two "democratic" powers would have seized their opportunity to stop Italian imperialism in the Mediterrean.

By some unforeseen miracle it may turn out that Chamberlain will do just this. But we shall have to see it to believe it. What really happened was, we suspect, something quite different. Chamberlain did not adopt a strong line with Mussolini. On the contrary, Mussolini told Chamberlain that he would demand a victory in Spain, in spite of all agreements, and Chamberlain did nothing about it, not even withdrawing the promise of future coöperation with Italy. Chamberlain may have informed his dictator friend that he could not back him in any attack on France's colonial possessions, but who can be sure even of this? At any rate, under the present policy of the British and French governments, they are not going to create any embarrassments for Mussolini while his ally is busy in the east. They are going to wait until Germany and Italy are ready again to present a united front behind demands in the Mediterranean or the west.

The British Prime Minister, before going home, called on the Pope, and His Holiness reinforced Mussolini's approval of Franco's cause, and complimented Mr. Chamberlain on his efforts to preserve peace. Here again the Conservative leader gave no sign of a change in policy.

Mr. Chamberlain seems to us much in the position of a business man who has hired gangsters to subdue his rivals. He never wanted the Spanish Loyalists to win, and was glad to have Hitler and Mussolini do the dirty work for him. He deliberately gave Hitler the chance to make trouble for the Soviet Union, and desires to give him time to attend to the job. But of course you cannot hire gangsters without paying their price. And gangsters have a habit of jacking up the price as they go along. They can shoot their employers as well as their employers' victims. Mussolini is now asking a price that cannot all be paid, at least for the time being. But that does not mean that Chamberlain wants to terminate his employment. The way is still open for further "appeasement."

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How Much Press Freedom?

"AMERICA'S TOWN MEETING OF THE AIR," the best of all regular radio programs dealing with controversial subjects, staged a vigorous debate the other night. Secretary Ickes talked about freedom of the press with Frank Gannett, publisher of several newspapers, but even more widely known as a foe of the New Deal. A lively controversy followed over various questions of fact raised by the speakers. Two or three of these were so important that they should be discussed.

Mr. Ickes said that a study at Johns Hopkins University revealed that smoking shortens life, and that this news had not been printed. The inference was that the newspapers, which carried large amounts of tobacco advertising, had suppressed it. Dr. Raymond Pearl, identified as author of the report in question, said that it had in fact been printed by "every crossroads newspaper in the country, and the clippings have been delivered to me by the pailful." He added that "a man named George Seldes," author of "Lords of the Press," had written him inquiring about the "suppression" and that after he assured Mr. Seldes there was none, continued to write him in the same vein. In fact, however, Dr. Pearl himself has admitted that the article appeared in only 250 newspapers, when there are 2,000 dailies and 10,000 weeklies in the United States. Mr. Seldes has shown that in the national metropolis, New York, the item was not printed in The Herald Tribune, Sun, Daily News, Mirror, Post or Journal-American. The World-Telegram printed a few brief paragraphs at the end of a long story on something else. The Times printed the news fully. A hasty search does not reveal the story in many leading newspapers in other big cities. It is quite possible that nearly all Dr. Pearl's 250 clippings could have come from a single publication in the "patent insides" furnished, already printed, to weekly newspapers. Mr. Seldes says he wrote Dr. Pearl only twice, the second time pointing out the facts just given. We feel that the Johns Hopkins scientist owes him an apology.

Mr. Ickes further stated that an advertisement of Mr. Seldes' book had been refused by The New York Herald Tribune, a paper which denied this charge. The Herald Tribune did, however, refuse an advertisement with the headline "Here's some news that's real news—but it may never appear in the news columns of any paper." The advertisement went on to say "our free press is controlled by powerful anonymous men who dictate what gets into print. There are few newspapers which do not deliberately suppress or distort news . . . 'Lords of the Press' . . . [shows] to what extent our public press is free, bought, yellow, vicious or scared. . . ." The Herald Tribune refused to print the advertisement unless these passages were changed. It is a nice technical question whether this is suppression.

Mr. Ickes further accused The Herald Tribune of suppressing an advertisement for Ferdinand Lundberg's book "America's 60 Families." The Tribune replies that it was threatened by a libel suit by the duPont interests because of the context of the advertisement, was forced to publish a retraction, and thereafter continued to print advertisements of the book which did not contain this particular matter.

Mr. Ickes mentioned the fact that the International Paper and Power Company at one time owned a part interest in several of Mr. Gannett's newspapers. Mr. Gannett insisted it was only a paper company that had loaned him money, that power interests were not involved, and that the fact of this ownership was made public, not by the Federal Trade Commission as Mr. Ickes had said, but by himself. Mr. Gannett, however, did not tell the whole story. The paper company is a subsidiary of an enterprise that is primarily devoted to power. At the time it was lending money to Mr. Gannett, it was spending about $25,000,000 in the effort to gain control of a long list of the leading newspapers in many American cities. No sensible man can believe that these efforts were not connected with the desire of the power interests to have a medium through which to fight government ownership of utilities.

It is true that Mr. Gannett made public the facts regarding his own borrowings. But it is also true that the Federal Trade Commission would have exposed these facts within a day or two.

Mr. Gannett observed that "even The New Republic admits" that advertisers do not control the news. Torn from its context, such a statement has a sound very different from anything ever intended by this journal. It is true that most advertisers do not from day to day or from week to week dictate to newspaper owners what those papers shall print. They don't have to. The average publisher is very much the same sort of person as the average advertiser. One is likely to be as conservative as the other, to have the same social point of view. But on top of this, there are many well attested cases where advertisers have sought, individually or collectively, to control the policies of a paper. (Sometimes these advertisers are in turn pressed by their own customers, as when Philadelphia Catholics forced local department stores into reprisals against a newspaper friendly to Loyalist Spain.) A newspaper which persists in printing truths disagreeable to advertisers will soon find itself under boycott. When patent-medicine advertisers don't want a pure-food and drug bill, it is more than coincidence that a majority of newspapers should be found fighting it. When publishers didn't want the NRA code applied to them, it was more than a coincidence that so many of their editors promptly discovered in this code a threat to "freedom of the press."

The question of responsibility and usefulness of the press in this democracy cannot be presented in simple blacks and whites. It is quite true that in recent decades progress has been made along some lines, partly through the stimulus of critics like Upton Sinclair and George Seldes, partly through higher-quality personnel, partly through professional standards encouraged by the Newspaper Guild. It is also true that Americans are in a far better position *vis à vis* the press than the inhabitants of the dictator countries. As Mr. Ickes himself stated, a press controlled by a government or a party is no better than one controlled by private capitalism.

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It remains a fact, however, that there is an irrepressible conflict between the newspaper as an organ of public information and as a mechanism for private profit. The middle class is heavily overrepresented in the press and the working class is badly underrepresented. American journalism is about as far from perfection as is American society itself, and neither is likely to progress much faster than the other.

The WPA Appropriation

THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES has now voted to cut $150,000,000 from the WPA appropriation requested by the President. Mr. Roosevelt's comment on hearing of the proposed cut was that the anti-spending group in Congress was thinking more of dollars than of human values. This is the very least that can be said.

The amount asked by the President is said by relief officials to be necessary to carry the present 3,000,000 employees of the WPA until the end of the fiscal year, June 30, on the expectation that the relief load will drop somewhat in April and May. (The estimate is based on the figure of $61 per worker per month.) It seems unlikely that there will be such a drop, especially in view of the fact that the rolls have only been brought down to the present level from 3,350,000 in November by the extremely painful process—for those in need of relief—of letting no new workers on the rolls. This has probably built up a backlog of applicants who are entitled to WPA jobs. Mayor LaGuardia believes that the WPA will need $915,000,000, and his figure sounds more likely to us.

We are not, however, so much concerned with the correctness of the estimates—which is a matter for the experts in Washington to decide—but with the obvious fact that the figure of $725,000,000 is too low to be the result of any conscientious estimate. It seems to be adopting the attitude of the Congressman who said, when asked how much he thought should be appropriated, "I'm against it."

It is nearly unbelievable that anyone can be indifferent to the human needs which are to some degree satisfied by the jobs and wages the WPA makes available. But even from the most selfish viewpoint, every American owes the WPA a debt of gratitude for its concrete achievements.

About three-quarters of its funds have been spent on construction, because the eligible workers were best fitted for this type of work. Highway and road-work projects, including gutters, street lamps, elimination of grade crossings and the like were requested by almost every American community, and accounted for more than one-third of the money spent. Water facilities and sanitation took another 10 percent; public buildings 11 percent; parks and playgrounds another 11 percent; conservation 5 percent and aviation facilities 2 percent.

The San Francisco exposition of this year owes its magnificent site to the WPA, which dredged up from San Francisco bay a 400-acre island, which will become the city airport when the fair is over. The work on nearly three hundred landing fields all over the country has helped municipalities to keep abreast of the amazing growth in size and speed of transport airplanes. The WPA built a public hangar and an administration building at Newark, New Jersey and the new New York terminal at North Beach. The list of construction could be continued with dams, reforestation, bird-and-game sanctuaries, courthouses, reservoirs and so on for pages.

In non-construction activities, which used about a quarter of the money spent, similar gains have been made. A million people have been taught to read and write. Two thousand medical and dental clinics have treated more than a million people. Over 129,000,000 hot lunches have been served to hungry children in schools, by housewives who had to get work from the WPA.

The sheer bulk of this work is staggering. But the smaller and less costly projects are not less important. The Division of Social Research has published valuable and authoritative studies in many fields, as for example the survey of the plight and prospects of the 2,000,000 rural young people who are joining America's labor force between 1930 and 1940. The work of the Federal Art Projects is known to every reader of The New Republic.

The appropriation by Congress of the amount the President recommends, or more, would at least ensure the continuation of the work now going on. To cut this figure by $150,000,000 means to deprive at least 500,000 people and all their dependents of the income. It is brutal to the needy, and it will hamstring and disable projects of great value to all Americans.

THE NEW REPUBLIC
A Journal of Opinion

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How to Stop Dictators

THE NAZIS publish a newspaper called Der Angriff. One task of its editors is to prove to Germans that political democracy is an inferior form of government to the totalitarian state. Not long ago Der Angriff published a series of pictures showing American billboards with their cheery slogans: "There is no way like the American way"; "The world's highest wages," and so on. Just below, it ran a group of photographs taken in the United States, showing unemployed men at factory doors, slums, bums, breadlines, shacks of tenant farmers. It captioned the two exhibits: "Thank God, we have a better way."

In one sense, the Nazis have. There were six million unemployed in Germany when Hitler came into power. Today there are practically none. The outlook for German youth was black in 1933; now the future is dangerous but full of action. Factory chimneys were cold; now they are belching smoke. (Poetic image; German engineers save the smoke.)

We had better not try to win a contest against dictators simply by shouting about the blessings of "liberty" and "freedom." People do not eat liberty and freedom; these words make no jobs. For every cultivated American liberal who cares profoundly about the Bill of Rights, there are ninety-nine citizens in the lower income groups who care more profoundly about employment and security. Americans have political democracy rooted deep in their folklore, but it is rash to suppose that they are prepared to defend it at the price of permanent economic misery. If we value our liberties of speech, press and ballot, we shall have to make the economic machine work better than it has worked since October, 1929. With twenty million Americans on relief, those cheery posters warrant a razzing from Hitler or anybody else.

Why were Italians converted to fascism? Because they were suffering from intolerable economic conditions, unemployment, insecurity, and were disappointed over Italy's share in the spoils of the Versailles Treaty. They turned to a Strong Man.

Why were Germans converted to Nazism? Millions of them, remember, had been voting a Socialist ticket. They were suffering from unemployment, terrible economic conditions, poor food, savage reparation payments, unending debts to foreigners, the iron ring of Versailles, the middle-class fear of communism. They turned to a Strong Man.

Why do the people of many nations in Europe support dictators, and hang out a "To Rent" sign on their houses of parliament? Because of desperate economic conditions, unemployment, insecurity. Will such conditions produce a Strong Man in France, in England, some day? If they continue long enough, they probably will. There are already signs of it in Paris. They once produced a Napoleon in France, following a Queen who said: "Let them eat cake."

When will the people of the United States turn to a Strong Man? When they are fed up with being half-fed. Yet when President Roosevelt proposes to do something about the one-third of the nation which is underfed, thousands of well fed Americans roar with rage and accuse him of inspiring class hatred and destroying the nation by paternalism. Still more ironically, they accuse him of trying to become a dictator. So you see, it is not easy to meet the challenge of the real dictators, in a real political democracy, where citizens have the constitutional right to raise bitter objections to government action. Some years ago, a powerful trade association forced Harry Hopkins to stop the production of mattresses by the unemployed for their own use. Thus people who slept on bare boards could neither buy nor fabricate anything more comfortable.

How do European dictators get rid of unemployment? They get rid of it chiefly by putting citizens to work in armament factories and in labor camps devoted to building fortifications. They also put a lot of them directly into the army. Where do they get the money? The government commandeers available savings by forced loans. It also "creates" more money by printing bonds. It makes the banks take the bonds, and then the government draws checks to the amount of the bonds. These savings and "new" money are turned over to the munitions workers and other government employees, who spend them in the stores on pay day. This promotes the sales of storekeepers, wholesalers, manufacturers, farmers. The public spending stimulates private business. Things look prosperous. Unemployment is greatly reduced.

Instead of capital being invested in the expansion of private industrial plants as in the past, it is now expended in government industry—most of it to construct such fine, productive assets as tanks, bombers and battleships. *But the temporary effect is just as stimulating*. The trouble is that government debts accumulate, with no productive resources out of which to pay them. The German internal debt is now so large that the figures are kept secret. My guess is that most of those beautifully printed bonds will be repudiated.

In this country we have also been piling up public debts in default of the expansion of private enterprise and private debt. The reason for this we cannot go into here; enough to say that the expansion rate of private enterprise has been dropping with the population curve, with the end of new pioneer country to develop, with the decline in foreign trade, with the advance in technology which makes a dollar of new capital go farther

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than it used to. The expansion rate will not come up in a hurry. But most of the proceeds of our public loans have gone into better things than shot and shell. They have gone to help farmers, help home owners, to build schools, highways and Grand Coulee Dam, to save good American soil against erosion. Some outlays have been wasted—but not from the point of view of managers of grocery stores, on Saturday nights.

We must now pile up some more public debts—or tax more heavily—for strengthening our military defenses. As Major George F. Eliot has eloquently demonstrated, it should not amount to a great sum. Perhaps another half-billion a year for several years. This will stimulate business here as it has in Europe, where some fifteen billions were spent for armaments in 1938. We must not forget, however, that to spend *more* for armaments than is essential for continental defense, is a criminal waste, when so much desperately needed construction is waiting to be done on the peacetime front. Yet business men raise practically no objections about a budget unbalanced by submarines and raise merry hell about one unbalanced by soil conservation.

Our chief economic task today is to find a way to stimulate business activity and reduce unemployment without piling up a burden of debt which may some day swamp the whole show. We have lately seen some twenty billions of war debt and foreign loans go down the chute. We ought to know by now how forlorn is the hope of solving the problem by increasing our export trade.

Ninety-five percent of all our business is done in the home market. Seventy-one percent of our families earn less than $2,500 a year; 42 percent have incomes below the standard of health and decency. These people could consume much if not all of our surplus production. If "dumping" is to be subsidized, let us dump at home. It is encouraging to hear that Secretary Wallace is at work on such a plan.

I believe, however, that we can eventually supply the lower third, and even increase production, without resorting to further subsidies. Engineers calculate that we could produce half again as much as we do now. (See, for instance, "The Chart of Plenty," by Harold Loeb.) The factors favorable for a well oiled economic machine are all present to a degree unknown in European countries: abundant natural resources, technical skill, productive capacity, plenty of manpower and a huge market eager for goods in the lower income groups.

The Nazis are ahead of us in finding jobs for unemployed men. They are more fertile in the field of financial invention. We answer by looking down our noses and saying that the inventions are "unsound," and therefore unworkable. The Nazis answer that they are working; and they are. Dr. Schacht is nobody's fool in the realm of finance. His Aski marks are working well enough to frighten Wall Street and the City of London. His inventions for finding the money to rearm Germany are working well enough to frighten the world into imitation—not only from fear of attack, but to help lift the curse of unemployment. In 1932, the League of Nations estimated world unemployment at more than thirty millions. From that peak it has declined as armaments have gained.

For all the superiority of the United States in many departments, we might take a similar road unless we seriously tackle this fundamental problem. We haven't yet. Many of us still think that a ten-year depression is only a temporary upset, and things will right themselves as soon as the government stops interfering and confidence is restored. If it were only so simple! Things will not right themselves even if every government official is kicked clean out to sea beyond Bermuda. Will "confidence" reverse the birth-rate trend, open up more free land? There was plenty of confidence in 1929, but in that year, according to the Brookings Institution, two-thirds of our national savings failed to find an outlet in productive investment.

These stony facts must be admitted by enough Americans so that new financial experiments may be given a reasonable trial. We have all the material requisites for an ample livelihood, but what good has that done a Louisiana sharecropper? So little good that he fell on his knees before a Huey Long.

Our material superiority, our splendid geographic isolation, give us the clear opportunity and responsibility to take first place in finding a solution to insecurity. It must be a solution more fundamental than industrial activity generated by rotten war debts, repudiated foreign loans, Aski marks, raids on Ethiopians and towering armaments. Is prosperity to be eternally nourished on bad debts?

If *we* can't find the solution, who can? Is the country of Eli Whitney, Steinmetz and Edison to bow to Dr. Schacht? Are all the inventors dead? We must recognize that developing a financial invention is similar to designing any other engine, and that too many obstacles must not be placed in the path of trying it out.

Only people talking in their sleep call the Nazis conservative and capitalistic. They are very radical. They have started a revolution from which any prudent capitalist should run for his life. Mr. Thyssen, who helped finance Hitler, is now said to be in exile. Some of their measures may be as cockeyed as the Townsend plan, but others are efforts more disciplined and serious than any we have undertaken to make the economic machine go round.

There is a Nazi menace to us, and this is it. It does not lie in the direction of military invasions, airplane bases in South America, Bunds, or even petty Führers in Jersey City or California. It does not lie in any of the findings of the Dies Committee. It lies in the indis-

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putable fact that the Nazis have found an answer to the hardest problem a mature civilization has ever faced. I believe it is a temporary answer; but it works. *There is no problem of unemployment in Germany*. There is none in Italy or in Russia.

Unity. The *United* States. We are integrated in land, resources, people. We have no minorities shouting for self-determination. We have to become integrated and unified in facing this grave and difficult task. If we can find an invention, or a series of inventions, to conquer unemployment without piling up a mountain of debt, we shall be as immune to foreign isms and ideologies as an iron dog is to rabies. By the same token, our example will strike home to the people of other countries, uneasy under their Strong Men yet not knowing where else to turn.

In simplest terms, the inventors must find a method which will permit Americans to buy back what they can make. Millions of them cannot do so now because of jams in the price structure, in the debt structure, in the distribution of income, in the flow of savings into new investment. Like Alice in Wonderland, they can just stand and look at the beautiful garden without being able to get into it.

We need an invention that will neutralize, scale down, transform, the present debt burden and prevent it from accumulating in the future: an invention that will lead steadily to a pay-as-you-go economy. A rapidly expanding industrial system can tolerate compounding debt. It did in America from 1830 to 1930. A non-expanding, or slowly expanding system, cannot tolerate it. Business men often express horror at an unbalanced federal budget. They apparently forget that private enterprise as a whole has never balanced its budget, has never been on a pay-as-you-go basis. Net private debt—mostly corporate—has grown from forty billions in 1910 to almost two hundred billions today. By comparison the present federal debt of forty billions is chicken-feed. The 1922-29 boom was reared on private debt, just as the 1933-37 recovery was reared on public debt.

We need inventions that will finance a growth in *intensive* capital outlays, which raise living standards of a stationary population. *Extensive* capital outlays for a rapidly growing population are no longer feasible. We need a workable invention to convert bonds into stocks with reasonable justice to all concerned. A stock is seldom paid off as to principal, and carries no fixed interest charge; dividends are disbursed only if earned. Such an invention is urgently needed at this very moment for the railroads. We could use an invention for financing public works, federal, state and local, on a giant revolving-fund basis, without interest charges. As it is now, a city borrows $1,000 for a sewage-disposal plant, let us say. By the time compound interest has been reckoned with, the city will pay back anywhere from $2,000 to $4,000 before the loan is retired.

We need inventions for melting out the rigidities of administered prices. Perhaps the monopoly investigation will discover a technique. We need inventions for redistributing the national income, through taxation or otherwise, so that more of it will be spent and less of it saved to rot in reserves. Hoarding is one thing that the modern money network cannot tolerate without disaster. We need inventions for improved methods of handling social-security funds, crop controls, collective bargaining. As sensible a general program as I have seen recently is that announced by a group of economists from Harvard and Tufts, called "An Economic Program for American Democracy" and published by the Vanguard Press.

These are the kinds of things our inventors must tackle. The New Deal has laid a groundwork, but it is obviously not enough. Too many citizens are still unemployed. If proposals for such reform make your hair rise, you are at liberty to go into the laboratory and find better models. The one thing you cannot do, if you want to avoid a Strong Man, is to go on doing nothing.

STUART CHASE

To an Unknown Flier

I

The sun near-gone, and Kansas smooth beneath you.
Were you just two hours west in this wide
American sky, now Pikes, now Longs, now Grays Peak
Would be cleared.

But, swifter than height,
Thought too can winnow space.
Let this be Africa: near Ruwenzori, veldt's
Mountains of the Moon.

Already you've
Passed elephant and buffalo: soon,
Wild hog and lion, wildcat and hyrax, are spent;
Leopard stopped at the snow-line.
And now, even that glossed green
Seeker of honey at snow's verge, even the sun-bird
Only with upward eyes can see
Those steel wings climbing serene.

Or let this be Asia, high American—towering Asia:
One more spiraling hour and even Everest
To your such lofty eyes need loom
No higher than casual Adirondack foothill
To farmer furrowing its terraced slope.

II

Sunset and eagle overflown, descend, O sheerest man!
Stop motor and descend
toward shimmer afar of earth
Lapped by this granite light of the moon;

—and
Glide, O majesty, as silent and feathery aground
As ever moth from dusk-vibrant hover over clover
Wide-winged curves earthward with stillness of thistle.

JAMES DALY

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Three Thousand More Airplanes?

The President's Proposals for National Defense

IT WOULD BE A GREAT DEAL EASIER to comment on the President's recommendations for 3,000 additional airplanes for the army, if it were possible to reduce the terms of the message to some finite form. As it stands, the purpose of the recommendation is somewhat obscure. Does the President intend that the upper limit of first-line army planes be raised from the present maximum of 2,320, as fixed by the Baker Board —whose findings he calls "completely out of date"— to 5,320? At first glance, it would so appear. But more careful consideration makes this seem less likely.

In the first place, this is an emergency measure. The regular annual increments to build up to the Baker Board standard or some other standard will come along later, in the usual budget items. Both the army and navy appropriation bills will contain provision for airplanes. These bills will also contain provision for personnel—and they will have to contain provisions for a very largely increased personnel if any such strength as 5,320 first-line planes is counted on within two years. It takes time to build planes, but it also takes time to train pilots, bombing officers, radiomen, navigators and mechanics. It is estimated that the Baker Board total would require about 28,000 officers and men for the Army Air Corps; a total of 5,320 planes, if maintained in operation, would require upwards of 60,000, or one-third the present authorized strength of the regular army.

On this count, therefore, it seems unlikely that the President intends to create any such operating force. What seems far more likely is that the intention may be a modest increase in the Baker Board total for the active air force, and a reduction in or rather a readjustment of the service life of the individual airplane.

At present our air policy is based on an average service life of from five to six years for each plane; that is, in first-line squadrons. There is no provision for a reserve, save of obsolescent material. If the service in operating squadrons of each plane were to be reduced to two years, with two more years in reserve and a final two years of duty in advanced training classes, a much higher level of efficiency would be attained by the active squadrons, and there would be a reserve of planes immediately available in case of war. These could be used to fill the gaps caused by war losses until industry was ready to take up the slack. In so far as personnel was available, they could also be used to form reserve squadrons to increase the mobilization total.

Let us consider for a moment the distribution of the planes of the Baker Board total—about 1,000 planes (pursuit, attack, bombardment and other types) for the General Headquarters Air Force, the reserve of air striking power for the continental United States; 500 for the outlying possessions, Panama and Hawaii; 200 for corps and army observation duties; something under 200 for the National Guard; 400 for training. Included in these totals are some 200 cargo and transport planes.

These strengths, of course, have not yet been reached and will not be till 1940; nor is the personnel available to operate this full force. Now suppose it were intended, as to the GHQ Air Force and those of the outlying possessions—some 1,500 in all—to cut by one-half the active service life of the plane; it is obvious that 1,500 additional planes would be required. Suppose it were further intended to increase the army air corps to parity with the navy—this would demand about 700 more planes, and this increase is not unreasonable.

Such an increase could best be applied, however, to an augmentation of the striking power of the General Headquarters Air Force, with especial reference to possible operations in the Caribbean and perhaps beyond. A few additional planes might profitably be assigned to Hawaii, and a few to corps and army observation. The bulk of the additional 700 planes would therefore be combat planes, and the actual additional *machines* needed to reach this total and maintain it would be 1,400, since the same basis of active-service life and reserve service would apply as to the present combat-plane total.

Thus a proposal to build "3,000 additional airplanes" for the army air corps seems most likely to be explained by an intention to cut by half the present average service life of the individual combat plane, thus building up a reserve and making more modern types available for advanced training. It does not seem to be an attempt to increase the upper limit of first-line strength, and will not seem so unless and until *very large increments of air-corps personnel* are also requested.

When more than 28,000 (or with the small increase suggested as possible, say 30,000 to 35,000) officers and men for the air corps are demanded, then and not until then will it be evident that it is desired to *operate* in active squadrons in time of peace a greater number than 3,000 planes. (At present the air corps has only a little over 20,000 officers and men.) A further evidence of such an intention would be a corresponding increase in home base facilities; and such an increase is not recommended for the army.

It will be noted that one effect of the suggested policy will be to make certain types available for advanced training; but there will be no automatic increase

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in primary-training planes, although there have been grave doubts as to whether the allocation of this type under the Baker Board distribution is sufficient, and in practice many planes classed as obsolete are being used for this purpose. The suggested training of 20,000 civilian pilots yearly is intended to provide a reservoir of young men from whom may be drawn a proportion of recruits for military-flying training and who will, if war should come, at least have mastered the rudiments of flying and be able to pass the more rapidly through the various stages of more advanced air-corps training. But this project, too, will need the very best equipment that can be provided, for nothing could be more injurious to such a plan than a number of initial casualties due to faulty or obsolescent material. Thus it is quite clear that a sharp increase in primary-training planes is necessary and will account, in all probability, for any excess above 3,000 which may be obtained by the economies incident to increased production.

It is also well to consider that appropriating money now does not mean planes tomorrow. It may not even mean planes next year. Any plan for defense must take into account the time-lag; foresight is an essential quality of the military planner.

Such foresight will also take into account the need for increasing the capacity of our airplane industry and for eliminating delays due to overlong debate about minor details of design. The process which the old Field Service Regulations scornfully called "the hesitating search for the ideal" was responsible, more than any other factor, for our disgraceful failure to produce a real American air force in the World War.

An increase of the operating peacetime maximum of the army air force to 5,320 planes would, in the writer's judgment, be wholly unjustified by strategical considerations, taking into account the geographical position of this country and the nature of the war missions which our air force may be called on to fulfil. It would entail a grave overbalancing of our defensive mechanism, an overemphasis on air power which might have very serious results not only as to the army itself, but in inducing too great a public reliance on an army which for our peculiar requirements has very definite limitations of usefulness. It would involve the gradual accumulation of a mass of obsolescent material and lead to inevitable retrenchment.

But if the writer's conjecture as to the meaning of the proposed new policy is correct, the picture presented is quite different. There can be little objection to a revolving reserve of first-line planes; indeed, it is becoming necessary to match in efficiency (not in numbers) other powers whose air forces have at present a higher average of modernity in equipment than has ours.

These conjectures must, however, remain conjectures for the present; a fact which bears testimony to the lack of clarity in the message itself, and induces the wish that before all of these expenditures are authorized, there might be constituted a joint congressional committee or some other planning agency to study and coördinate our whole defense policy.

As to the remainder of the President's recommendations, they are certainly well justified and indeed modest; certain of them, notably the one for coast defenses, might well be largely increased. But again, one wishes they were not just items in the national defense bill, but part of a broad plan comprising all angles of this vital subject.

Passing, however, from the details of the message to its underlying purport, considering it as a whole, it has undoubtedly been a relief and a reassurance to the country. Here is no attempt to build up a great fighting force, especially a great air force, to engage in crusades on foreign soil, as had been feared from some of the advance "information" as to its content. There is no request for an active air staff of 10,000 or of 13,000 fighting planes. There is a definite disavowal, on the other hand, of any intention of taking part in another war on European soil.

Certainly, in this unhappy world, America must arm —must increase her armaments where needful. It is heartening to read the President's sound and clear insistence on the need for weapons and training. It is to be hoped that Congress, in filling these needs, will see also the need for coördinated planning.

Nor does the message make any attempt to link up national defense with other objectives; there is no hint of "pump-priming," of a vast armament program as a means of relieving unemployment. The immediate appropriation of the whole sum requested would not do very much to provide additional jobs; it would do something, of course, but in proportion to the unemployment figures as a whole, the contribution would be negligible, especially as it would be largely confined to skilled labor. This is as it should be. It would be dangerous from many points of view to make of the construction of armaments a vehicle for the relief of unemployment. That necessary and vital objective must be sought by other means. So also it should be with such matters as the rehabilitation of our railways, the question of power production and distribution, and so forth. In the larger sense, every activity both of government and of industry makes a direct or indirect contribution to national defense; but reforms and advances in non-military fields should not be given a military aspect, or sought under the guise of military necessity.

The latter may, of course, and should be, considered in planning such reforms; it should never be made a cloak for the achievement of objectives otherwise unattainable. It is an added source of relief and satisfaction that the President has confined his defense message to defensive purposes.

GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

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They Are About to Die

FIVE BOYS are waiting in the still death row at Sing Sing. On January 26 they are to be electrocuted in payment for the death of a detective killed two years ago in a hold-up on the Lower East Side of New York City. If they die, their lives will atone, in the official records, for a crime we have all committed.

Nobody knows who fired the shot that killed Detective Foley. It may well have been one of these five: Philip Chalef, Arthur Friedman, Dominick Guariglia, Joseph O'Laughlin or Isidore Zimmerman, all between nineteen and twenty-seven years old. Or it may have been one of several known "accomplices" who are still at large. In the law's eyes it makes no difference; the accessories to a murder are just as guilty as the man who committed the fatal act. And it is in fact an unimportant detail. The question is this: A policeman has been shot and killed. Who is to blame?

The day before the murder, Joseph O'Laughlin made an important decision. His Catholic parents had never forgiven him for marrying a Jewish girl. Ida's family was just as upset, and the couple had to separate. They would meet secretly at friends' houses or at the movies, pathetically trying to provide a substitute for the life they might have lived together. Joseph had no job. Perhaps his poor health was partly to blame. As a child he had spent six years in Bellevue Hospital, fighting against tuberculosis. But when their baby was born and when Joseph managed to get a job on the WPA, he and Ida planned an escape. They would break with their unsympathetic parents, take a small apartment outside the city and try to get along.

The next morning, the day before the detective was shot, Joseph got his pink slip. The WPA job was finished.

Dominick Guariglia and Arthur Friedman had different troubles. Arthur had always been the "bad boy" in his family. Mrs. Friedman had enough worry about money. Her husband earned almost nothing and she had to work as the janitor in one of the East Side tenements. But on top of that, Arthur was always in trouble, fighting in the streets and hanging around with the gang at the corner. He was too dumb to do any better. There was no trouble with his brothers, Ben and Max. But Arthur, the blockhead, was always in mischief.

When Dominick was nine years old his thin little body looked so pitiful that the White Door Settlement took his picture, standing against a wall and smiling wistfully, to use on its appeal for funds for the summer camp. But oddly enough, Dominick was a comfort to his mother. Ever since he left school at sixteen he managed to get odd jobs that helped pay for his food and rent. On the day before the hold-up he left the house at 7:30 in the morning to look over his job prospects. He met nothing but discouragement. Both the WPA and the NYA were closed to him because of "technical qualifications."

"A guy needs a break," said Dominick. "A guy likes to have money to take his girl out once in a while."

Nobody knows very much about Isidore Zimmerman, except that he wasn't present at all on the scene of the crime. Like the others, he is guilty of having been born into the desperate poverty of the New York slums. His case record contains nothing more or less than those of his thousands of contemporaries.

Philip Chalef is a special case. Up to the time of the crime his record was perfectly clean. He had graduated from a Rabbinical school in the neighborhood with fine marks. He was captain of the basketball team at the Educational Alliance and successful at almost everything he tried. He had held several jobs with big responsibilities; handled large sums of money and jewelry, and without exception his employers gave him good references. But in 1930 he suffered a severe attack of diabetes. Ever since he has been too sick to work.

These are the boys who are about to die. Four of them, before the hold-up, had committed no crime. The fifth, a mental defective and a physical weakling, had done nothing more serious than heaving a brick through a grocery-store window. Poverty and the trammeling past of childhood spent in the slums are the threads that tie their lives together. They were not toughs or the boys of "Dead End." Nothing more than poor, sick, desperate kids.

What has the law to say? Unless Governor Herbert Lehman intervenes, as he may possibly do, it demands that these five be put to death on Thursday. They have been found guilty of murder by due process of law and their "debt" to society must be met.

A joint committee of social workers saw the Governor last week and talked with him for four hours. They pointed out that the guilt of the five boys is uncertain—despite the verdict of the blue-ribbon jury, which may have had little sympathy for the problems of slum children. They asked the Governor to be merciful and save these boys from the electric chair.

It seems little enough to ask. It may well be too late to salvage anything from these lives. But at least a commutation of their sentences to long-term imprisonment will preserve whatever chance there is.

This is a problem bigger than New York State, bigger even than all the United States. The execution of these five will make capital copy for the propagandists in Berlin and Rome. "Look at this fine Democracy!" they will say. "It cannot take care of its people. It lets them decay in the filth of its slums. It drives its youth to lying, to stealing and to murder. And then, when

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the murder is done, it burns them to death in the electric chair for the sake of the Democratic conscience." What will we have to answer?

You can sit back calmly, of course, and say with wisdom: It is too late. The slums are there. They breed criminals. That is bad, and we ought to do away with the slums. But help these murderers now? Certainly not; they are too far gone for that.

Perhaps you are right, but I don't believe it. The state has no claim to these lives that I can respect. These boys owe nothing to society except thanks for lives of wretchedness. We are all "the State"; we are all responsible for the detective's murder. And it seems to me that we should beg the East Side boys for their forgiveness instead of taking their lives.

BRUCE BLIVEN JR.

Trouble in Hitler's Paradise

THE TOTALITARIAN STATE seems to promise paradise for the industrialist who hates the interference of trade unions in running his business. There is no need of employing strikebreakers, for there are no picket lines. The employer is the authoritarian "leader" in his factory—unless he is "non-Aryan"—and his "followers" are forbidden to strike or obstruct his orders in any way. In theory, fascism establishes a "work community" between employers and employees —the perfect coöperation between capital and labor. How does this new system of social peace in industry work from the viewpoint of the industrial entrepreneur? Are German capitalists satisfied with industrial relations under Hitler?

Most businesses profited by the abolition of trade unions. Wages were reduced by simple decisions of the management, or remained stationary when the cost of living rose. In a period when there was a rearmament boom and scarcity of skilled workers in many industries, the workers had no organization to force concessions and to resist the speed-up. Collective action on the part of labor is illegal, nor can a worker leave his job to get a better one elsewhere (in metal industries, building trades and agriculture). The manufacturer has relative freedom to insist upon overtime and greater speed by pleading necessity; anything which hampers increased industrial production borders on treachery to the Fatherland.

Yet capitalists who are fully satisfied with the social peace of fascism are rare in Germany. The real picture of industrial relations does not conform to that portrayed by Nazi propagandists. There is still strife between capital and labor. The troubles of management have not been abolished by the abolition of trade unions. Scarcity of raw materials, the use of expensive and inferior substitutes and increased taxation have added greatly to the costs of production. A corresponding rise of prices is forbidden. Most industrialists seek to maintain profits at the expense of labor, to reduce production costs by wage cuts and the speed-up.

Nazi economic policies have led, for example, to the exploitation of mines previously abandoned or untouched because the ore and coal are of poor quality or difficult to obtain. In such mines labor productivity is low. The average daily productivity of a miner in the Ruhr district has fallen from 3,800 pounds in April, 1937, to 3,430 pounds in March, 1938. According to Wisselmann, a leading Ruhr industrialist and also vice-president of the Miners' Labor Front, this decline means an added expense of 67,000,000 marks annually for the industry of the Ruhr. In an article in a special issue of Der Deutsche Volkswirt, Wisselmann placed the blame on the workers. The German miners work more slowly and inefficiently than formerly, he declared; they take days off more frequently; they often leave their jobs and learn another trade; and too few young men become miners. The percentage of illness among Ruhr miners has grown from 4.14 percent in April, 1937, to 6.47 percent in March, 1938—an increase of over 56 percent. The only remedy Wisselmann offers is that the Labor Front and the state must compel the miners to work faster and to stick to their jobs. Executing these suggestions is not easy, even for a totalitarian bureaucracy.

German workers, forbidden to strike, and not daring to send delegates to complain and obtain concessions, find other ways of expressing dissatisfaction. Often when urgent orders have had to be filled, work slowed down. Wage cuts have been followed by incidents such as the "accidental" spoiling of valuable machinery. There are no large-scale strikes, but individually and in small groups workers have found new protest tactics, especially in industries where they know they cannot easily be replaced. A few instances:

In the Siemens glass factory in Dresden, the employees stopped work for an hour to protest against a 25-percent wage cut. The dismissal of sixteen skilled workers shut down four furnaces until they could be replaced. Similar incidents occurred in two big printing plants in Leipzig, in the Linke Hoffmann Works in Breslau, in a Silesian steel mill, Laband, and elsewhere.

What can a boss do if his workers resort to sabotage? He can no longer call upon a trade-union leader, and after discussion and perhaps arbitration, settle the labor dispute. Sometimes an individual worker will go to his employer as a representative of his fellows, but rarely, for such action is illegal and dangerous. In some cases the management has sought to improve labor relations

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by finding a way to hear the grievances and demands of labor, by private talks with trustworthy individuals influential in the plant. By such action the managers acknowledge that the Nazi Confidential Board does not function.

German employers were not unanimous in approving the destruction of the trade unions by the Nazis. The differences in attitude toward unions which existed before the advent of fascism, for instance between the chemical trust, I. G. Farbenindustrie A. G., which sought agreements with trade unions, and the steel magnates, Thyssen, Voegeler, etc., who did not, still exist. There is a corresponding differentiation in the Labor Front, with more independence permitted in small industries than in the big trusts.

The employer must appeal to the State Labor Trustee when difficulties arise that cannot be settled by an order of the factory leader himself. But what can the labor trustee do? He can make a speech to the workers. If oratory fails he can call out the Secret State Police (Gestapo). This generally means arrest for workers regarded as leaders or conspirators. But such interference of the Labor Trustee and the Secret Police often only succeeds in creating more difficulties for the management. Skilled laborers who are arrested are not easily replaced, and many times factory leaders have asked the Gestapo to release their workers. Some of the big corporations prefer to hire as managers or factory leaders men who were army officers, accustomed to manage men in a military manner. The military managers enjoy greater authority in relation to the Labor Front bureaucracy and cannot be accused of failing to behave as "leaders" should. But militarization of factories does not improve labor relations, for it does not remove the causes of discontent: low wages, bad living conditions, rising living costs and the speed-up system.

Bosses in coal mines, attempting to execute an order to speed up production, have had fatal accidents underground. In Man-works, one of the leading machine factories in Bavaria, an engineer who was very unpopular with the workers blamed Z—— for unsatisfactory work. Z—— defended himself against the charge and the engineer threatened to fire him and make it impossible for him to find another job. Z—— thereupon hit the engineer with an iron bar, injuring him seriously. In this fight, none of the bystanders came to the aid of the engineer. Such an incident is quite typical.

Few German capitalists and managers have much respect for the Labor Front bureaucracy and its work. Like their workers, they are compelled to make large contributions to the Labor Front and its auxiliary organizations. They feel that this money is wasted. Neither the workers nor their bosses dare protest, however, for behind the Labor Front stands the dread authority of the Nazi Party with its omnipotent Secret State Police.

As difficulties mount, the activities and organizations of the Labor Front multiply. In every German factory there are Labor Front secretaries, committees and auxiliaries, parts of a huge, top-heavy, bureaucratic machine. The factory leaders are responsible for the following committees, deputies, etc.:

The Confidential Board, appointed by the factory leader; the National Socialist Party cell with a secretary and a representative in each department; a Hitler Youth Committee; special boards for National Socialist Education, for sports, for professional training; a "Work Guard" (Werkschar) which is armed for emergency situations; and several other committees. The Labor Front recently instructed all factory leaders of the Saar that all young men starting work must join the Work Guard. A great many refused to join, claiming that they could not afford seventy-eight marks for the uniform.

The Labor Front has tried various devices to increase its prestige. Managers were ordered to spend evenings socially with their "followers" and to celebrate certain occasions by providing free beer and sausages. The beer and sausages were welcome enough, but these "Work Community" parties were not always successful. There was often an undertone of resentment, and sometimes drunken workers, or workers who pretended drunkenness, started fights with unpopular Nazis. The whole idea was dropped as a compulsory measure.

The manager must remain on good terms with the Labor Front bureaucrats because the Nazi Party might brand a manager as hostile to the State if he made serious trouble. Owners and managers of small industrial shops are particularly subservient. An incautious or tactless remark, or a business deal not in strict accordance with some new decree—and there are thousands of new decrees—might be discovered by a Nazi worker who could denounce his boss. Hence it is good policy for the employer to give Nazis who are members of the Confidential Board easy jobs at high wages.

A strange situation has arisen in which both the majority of workers and many if not most employers regard the Labor Front as a parasitic bureaucracy. It must be silently endured because it is backed by the Nazi Party and its orders reinforced by the Secret State Police. Certainly the Labor Front has failed in its promise to create an ideal "work community" of social peace and happy collaboration of all classes.

Modern industry needs labor discipline. Such discipline may be established by voluntary agreement through the workers' trade unions, or by compulsion. The Nazis attempted to create a new scheme of labor discipline by destroying trade unions, substituting a gigantic propaganda machine promising everything to all classes in the "work community." This scheme could have been successful only if these promises had been fulfilled.

GUENTHER REIMANN

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Shoot the Works

Fellow Travelers

GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY in a recent column describes a ride which must have been as fearful as any ever known since Marie Antoinette traveled in a tumbril. The distinguished commentator for The New York Herald Tribune and other interests wrote, "After J. B. Matthews gave the Dies Committee a factual statement of the relationship of the Communist Party and the various United Front organizations, we drove together from Philadelphia to my farm in Massachusetts. It was a slow trip, taking altogether about eight hours."

I would not be surprised if it seemed even longer.

And on this journey Sok, as the author refers affectionately to himself, fell into discussion with J. B. concerning many things. Mr. Sokolsky recalls that he and his fellow traveler talked of Java. I'll warrant that Mocha was also mentioned and buttered bread and honey and the sweet smell which comes from fleshpots when they are simmering. Indeed, within eight hours I think that Matthews and Sokolsky should have succeeded in arriving at an agreement as to the precise recipe for the finest grade of pottage.

When last I looked upon J. B. he was being lauded by Martin Dies after the completion of his testimony before the fact-finding committee of the House. The gentleman from Orange, Texas, spoke glowingly about the writer from Washington, New Jersey, and complimented him upon the cherry trees which he had hacked down with his little hatchet in the interest of public safety. Chairman Dies held out the hope that it might be possible to procure for Dr. Matthews some radio time upon a national hook-up. As I remember, he promised him some thirty stations for a silver-tongued oration. But, of course, that would have been merely sustaining.

I made the shrewder guess that the recent convert to conservatism would write a book. It is the current custom. Indeed, throughout the lanes of literature and in the marts of newspaper syndication the peddlers cry their wares and shout, "Old soapboxes for new platform appearances." And the well worn garments of the noble army of ex-martyrs are not rent asunder by any drawing of lots but, in a much more businesslike way, sold outright to the highest bidder. The book which Mr. Matthews has written is called "Odyssey of a Fellow Traveler." Quite possibly there was some bantering back and forth between the two good companions in which each one tried to rib the other by inquiring, "And what advance did you manage to procure for your latest little masterpiece?" But in any such debate the honors may well have gone to George E. Sokolsky. In his column he twits the educator for being belated in booking passage on the bandwagon.

"Whereas the hard-headed business man knows, from experience," writes Sok, "that the world moves slowly, the scholarly mind often believes that everything can be changed by the writing of a book or the delivery of a lecture."

It seems to me that George E. Sokolsky has proved this point in his own career. To an exceptional degree he has managed to fuse business and *belles lettres*. He appreciates how futile it is for any go-getter to write or talk for small change.

"The current scholar," Sok continues, "is in a terrific hurry. Matthews was apparently in a hurry—but the world was not. He had that to learn, and I think he has learned it."

In expressing this pious hope I do not think that the commentator of The New York Herald Tribune was carried away by his own romantic optimism. Even before Dr. Matthews took the long, slow ride from Philadelphia to the farm, it is more than likely that he had been halfway persuaded to the belief that the longest way round is the sweetest way home. The road to Damascus is not the only turnpike upon which a sudden conversion can occur. There are many sharp curves along the trail to Sok's abode where a traveler may be struck by a sudden light and decide that it is expedient to change from Paul to Saul.

And George E. Sokolsky is wholly correct in contending that the scholar can be as hard-headed as any business man if only he will put his mind upon the problem of the world's affairs and his own as well. Much has been said and written about the mad pace of American life, but in social and economic matters we are in no great hurry. After all it required twenty-two years to free Tom Mooney.

The hard-headed business man and the practical scholar often unite in accepting the attitude toward some present problem that, on the whole, it is better to let nature take its course. It is unfair to think of conservatives as men and women wholly callous to poverty and misery and injustice. They, too, would like to see these things corrected, but in the interest of safe-and-sane driving they feel that all such issues should be put off until tomorrow. Alice of Wonderland and Earl Browder of Union Square seem to them unreasonably romantic in asking for jam today.

And it is upon this single point that I would take issue with the considered judgment of George E. Sokolsky and Dr. J. B. Matthews. In fact my dissent is only fractional. As yet I have not had an opportunity to read the Professor's little brochure in which he apologizes for his casual passion to change the world. But I gather from some of his public statements that he regards himself as a wide-eyed lad whose enthusiasm was capitalized by the Communists. I think the story runs in quite the opposite direction. Readily do I accept Sokolsky's theory that Dr. Matthews has always been potentially the hard-headed business man and the radicals of America should be subject to sharp criticism. In newspapers left-wing leaders are pictured as cynical conspirators. In reality all revolutionaries I have ever met seem to me incurably sentimental and naïve. Because they burn personally they can be convinced that there is fire in a fellow traveler even though small smoke appears upon the surface.

J. B. Matthews was accepted as a friend upon his protestation that he was consumed with eagerness to right the wrongs which lie within our reach. Seemingly there was no one in the radical leadership shrewd enough to realize that here was a gentleman animated by nothing more than a passing fancy. Indeed I have been informed that only one voice was raised against placing confidence in the sincerity of the scholar who announced that he wished to dedicate his life to human betterment. And even this objection came upon a seemingly irrelevant circumstance. It was made by an old trade unionist who was annoyed by the fact that Dr.

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Matthews customarily moved about New York during the spring and summer clad in shorts.

"Comrades," cried the horny-handed machinist, "are you going to put any confidence in a man who goes around dressed up like a Boy Scout?" His voice was not heeded and now J. B. Matthews is willing to tell all at space rates. It's nice business if you can get it. HEYWOOD BROUN

Washington Notes

FDR's Russian Policy

BY DIPLOMATIC STANDARDS, Ambassadors Kennedy and Bullitt seem to have spoken with great frankness at their meeting a few days ago with the Senate and House Committees on Military Affairs. According to those present, they talked about bombing airplanes rather than "coordinating adjuncts," as Senator Walsh of Massachusetts calls them, and about war rather than "untoward contingencies." Senator H. Styles Bridges of New Hampshire left the conference with his eyes popping. Only what might be called the veteran pacifists, like Senator Nye of North Dakota, were able to remain unmoved.

A part of the supposed disclosures, however, is worth more attention than it received. This is that the most dangerous spot in Europe is that tiny strip of territory between the new Carpatho-Ruthenian state in Czecho-Slovakia, and the USSR's Ukraine, and that the most probable cause of war is an attack on the Ukraine by Herr Hitler. When the sources of information available to Messrs. Kennedy and Bullitt are considered, this judgment is important. The writer can testify that the opinion is widely shared among State Department experts.

On the assumption that the Ukraine is now an immediate German objective, the American experts believe they can foresee European events with some precision. From evidence obtained from many sources, they think that the German program calls for the employment of a technique roughly similar to that used in Czecho-Slovakia. An illegal political party, hostile to the Moscow regime, would be set up with German money; indeed, it is already public knowledge that the Nazis have opened negotiations with so-called Ukrainian hetmen, as well as the Tsarist pretender, Vladimir. At an appointed time, there would be a revolt of the pro-Nazi Ukrainians, and the Germans, using Carpatho-Ruthenia as a bridge, would send them support.

On the face of it, the expectation that a gang of pro-Nazi Ukrainians with swastika armbands could intimidate the USSR in the way the Sudetens intimidated the Benes government seems far-fetched. You would suppose that the Russian NKVD would put down a Ukrainian revolt before it started. But according to experts, the German program rests on the hypothesis that the Moscow regime is internally at war, and, in a crisis, would be unable to act.

Messrs. Kennedy and Bullitt are supposed to have told members of Congress that a major war was possible this spring. The experts phrase their prophecy in a slightly different fashion. They say it will come when two conditions are fulfilled: first, when Hitler is assured that neither England nor France will come to the USSR's aid, and, second, when proof has been obtained of Moscow's weakness. Thus, while war in the spring is possible, the likelihood is that it will not come so quickly. There may very well be a period during which the Germans, by deliberate provocation, will test the Russians' will to fight. It is the opinion here that the USSR will not permit itself to be forced into action by anything that the Nazis may do in Memel. From the Russian point of view, Lithuania is exclusively a Polish-German question. But if the Nazis try to extend their influence to Latvia, with its port of Riga, the USSR is expected to bare its teeth. If it then moves boldly and decisively, Hitler may be expected temporarily to draw back both in Latvia and the Ukraine. It is thought here that this process of testing the Soviet's internal stability may extend over a lengthy period.

Undoubtedly this analysis has been placed before Mr. Roosevelt, and, in the opinion of the writer, it places his foreign policy in a curious light. If it is true that Mr. Hitler's primary objective is the Ukraine, the most logical way to stop the march of totalitarianism—Mr. Roosevelt's apparent aim—would be to give moral support, at least, to the USSR. State Department officials say that the Russians during the last year or so have been very "difficult." No doubt that is true, but if the administration wants to have a world policy it must take the fat with the lean. For years, Sir Norman Angell has been preaching that allies are both cheaper and more effective than armaments. Surely it would cost the Treasury less to have Mr. Roosevelt send an ambassador to Moscow than it would to double our air fleet—and it would disconcert Herr Hitler infinitely more.

As peacemaker between the CIO and the AF of L Secretary Hopkins has the means with which to do a brilliant job. Or, since this department's appraisal of the CIO-AF of L feud is invariably challenged by AF of L spokesmen, perhaps I should say that he can do a job that, in my bigoted opinion, would be brilliant. To a degree that is seldom appreciated, the AF of L is now dependent on the administration. The heart of Mr. John P. Frey's metal-trades department is the machinists' union, the chief strength of which lies in the railway-repair shops. Many members of these railway-shop locals, incidentally, would like to break away to the CIO—a fact that helps explain Mr. Frey's vituperative appearance before the Dies committee last fall. Because of the imminence of railroad legislation, both railroad management and labor are now susceptible to the administration's suggestions. Mr. Hopkins has here a powerful weapon with which to persuade the AF of L leaders to listen to what he says.

No less important in the AF of L is the building-trades department. The jobs of the union members of this department now flow almost wholly from the United States Housing Authority of Mr. Straus and Mr. Ickes' PWA. The chief energies of the building-trades union leaders now go into negotiating with the administration. Mr. Straus and Mr. Ickes have tried to meet their demands to the fullest possible extent—which, of course, is what they should do. Nevertheless, it seems to this prejudiced observer that Mr. Hopkins is now entitled to ask Mr. Big Bill Hutcheson of the carpenters' union to bury his grudge against Mr. Lewis for the sake of the future of the labor movement.

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From what is being said in the new Congress, the farmers' revolt against the AAA, which in November undoubtedly defeated the New Deal in many farm areas, is dying away. A decisive factor has been the loyalty of Mr. Edward Ashbury O'Neal III, of the Farm Bureau Federation, to Secretary Wallace. He has made a farmers' united front impossible. Mr. Wallace has also skillfully and successfully shifted the battlefield from farm programs to how they shall be paid for. The farm insurgents fear a processing tax, and are not sure they could defeat it in Congress. Finally, the Republicans, other than Mr. Lemke, apparently mean to avoid the farm question as they would TNT.

Washington T. R. B.

Other People's Money

How to Protect the Stockholders

ONE OF THE SCANDALS of the Coolidge days which violated the ethics and the herd interests of the well-to-do conservative groups and which, in 1932 and 1933, everybody condemned, was the performances of the corporate directors. It is a singular thing that nothing has been done about any of these abuses in spite of all the clamor for reform and all the denunciations. The radical thinker who looks with well founded scorn at the whole ugly episode and an amused sneer at the proposals to "patch up the system," as he calls it, may perhaps be impatient of any proposals to correct these corporate evils. But one wonders why the millions of people who own stocks, who are deeply interested in saving their hides and their property have been utterly uninterested in taking any measures to protect themselves against further depredations by the exploiting corporate director.

William O. Douglas thinks directors ought to be paid. Thus, he feels, stockholders would be more scrutinizing not only in selecting them but in keeping an eye on them. This is one of the many proposals which have come along from time to time to deal with this troublesome problem. It is not a simple matter.

First of all, the limitations upon the stockholder are obvious. The director, in the end, is his representative. It will be a great mistake to suppose that the corporate director, under the present corporate system, will ever represent either the public or the worker. Socially minded, honest directors may well give heed to the interests of workers and public, but it will not be because they represent either. They are supposed to represent the stockholder and, even if the stockholder were able to keep a tight rein upon his directors and enforce honest and effective representation, the stockholder would be satisfied with nothing less than a director who thinks in terms of profits. Even a socially minded man is apt to be a very unsocially minded stockholder. The social elements in corporate management are very remote from the stockholder mind. The man who might well be a generous employer personally may give little or no place in his thinking as a stockholder to public or employee. He wants profits. He expects a corporation to produce them. If it does he is not interested in what the corporation does to its workers or its customers. He just refuses to think about this. He apparently doesn't mind the director stealing from him as long as he sees a good return coming in from his stock.

But the stockholder adds to his lack of social consciousness a seemingly inevitable futility. Even if he wanted to do something about it he apparently cannot. Stockholders are scattered all over creation. They cannot get together. They are powerless against the organized central power of the management. If a stock ceases to satisfy as an investment or speculation, the stockholder does not campaign against the management; he sells his share and takes his loss.

What we have to do is to recognize that in a corporation there are three separate interests involved. The corporation is not just a business unit. It is an organization which enjoys special privileges from the state. It is a creature of the state. And by virtue of the fact that it unites the resources of thousands of people—even hundreds of thousands in some places—it exercises a social, political and economic power which ought not to be entrusted to private persons without being carefully hedged about.

In the life of the corporation, the public, the workers and the stockholders all have a great stake. And someone should represent the interest of each. It is ridiculous to suppose that the stockholders ought to be entrusted with the sole representation of all these interests.

The directorate which represents the stockholders may well be selected by the stockholders, but some kind of machinery ought to be set up to represent the employees and the public—agencies which are not wholly selected by the stockholders and are not answerable to them.

My own feeling is that there should be two boards. One should be named jointly by the stockholders, the workers and the management. This should be made up of men actually engaged in operating the business and should itself be the operating directorate of the business, patterned after the Standard Oil Company board. The stockholders should alone name a second board, which would be a supervising board, an auditing board, and which would have control of the funds and the flow of funds into the business. This board would act for the stockholders in naming the operating board.

This stockholders' or supervising board should be composed only of stockholders having a large financial interest in the corporation and no person should be permitted to serve on more than two or three boards. He should be paid for his services. And no person should be permitted to vote any share of stock unless he is the actual owner and has been for at least one year.

The public interest is twofold. There is the customer who buys. He has to protect himself. No one can do it for him. He has got to learn how to organize for that purpose. But the general public must be protected against the economic and social and political offenses a corporation may commit, first by a drastic revision of the corporation laws, the adoption of federal licensing and by a national agency with powers of examination of the widest sort but without any power to control the corporation's policy. This will not end corporate abuses. It is directed merely at the director evil.

Note on Housing: Mr. Nathan Straus, administrator of the United States Housing Authority, in an excellent little pamphlet entitled "What Friends of the Housing Act Can

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Do for Your City," points out that between 1930 and 1937 England built through public agencies 496,000 dwellings, while in that time the United States built through public agencies 29,559 houses. If there is any fog-bound liberal who thinks the government has done anything about housing, let him ponder these figures. JOHN T. FLYNN

Wreathed Horn

WE ALL KNOW, doubtless, that the classical *curvatus* was what our poet meant when he spoke of old Triton's horn, but a hint of compliment or garlands is present, nevertheless, and makes a good start for a note on an anthology, with its flower derivation. There are two anthologies here,[1] in fact, one of Oxford choices of Greek verse in English translations, one of Mr. Hudson Strode's choices of English lyrics from Sir Walter Raleigh to A. E. Housman.

I remember some three or four years ago at a dinner the editors of The New Republic gave for the sake of literary frictions, inspirations and exchanges, that Mr. Archibald MacLeish was present as an honored guest, and the question arose as to whether at any time an epoch's social conditions would affect the quality of style to be found in its authors. We all know, of course, that what is around any living creature must have some effect. It might, at the very worst—to reduce the theme to an absurdity—so affect the poet as to keep his style exactly the same as the style of the preceding generation. But still—at any rate there we were, with a literary problem for our dinner.

The discussion graciously narrowed down to an official inquiry on our part as to whether in Mr. MacLeish's opinion the character of the *terza rima* in "The Divine Comedy," as compared with that of his own "Conquistador," might be said to show a difference that was attributable to the difference in the sociological elements of the two epochs in which the two works respectively were written. Mr. MacLeish on his part readily undertook to give us his opinion in this matter, though I forget now, after so long a time, what his conclusions were. Whereupon, editorially, more profundity ensued, only to prove completely misplaced; the two languages saw to that.

With *sauce Robert*, someone said, doubtless Talleyrand, a man could eat his grandmother, which is to say eat anything; with Italian vowels a man can rhyme anything. In Italian, so far as the rhyme goes, *terza rima* is manageable enough. In English that triple-rhyming is a vexation indeed (for his form of *terza rima*, I believe, Mr. MacLeish contrived certain variations on the scheme). Whatever we may think, then, of the problem erected for that evening, and whatever sociological asservations we may indulge in, such, for example, as the effect of motor travel on hexameters, the elegiac measures under Stalinism, and so on, the fact remains that argument on the Dante and the MacLeish styles in *terza rima* is, through the two languages involved, if through nothing else, absurd on the face of it.

Greek is rated as one of the most fluid of all languages, rivaled among modern Western tongues by the Italian only. This fluidity is understood to be determined by the proportion of vowels to consonants; which in Latin was smaller, and which in Greek itself varied with the period, the author and the dialect. Leopardi put Greek above all other languages as best suited to poetry because of what he called its productive faculty . . . "scarcely was an idea, however newly created, than there, ready created, was the new word for expressing it." I like to think of this quality as one of the qualities that are ultimate in a language—language as a biological organism, where new life is forever immanent, where with the thought the due form, in due time thus, appears. Even on these two grounds, the problem of turning Greek verses into English is hopeless. The matters of inflection, suspended meanings, metrical systems, quantity, tonic accent, the use of archaisms either to get an effect of remoteness in time or to follow an archaism in the original poem, and so forth and so on, remain and serve only to give the *coup de grace* in this combat between the two languages on the poetic field.

The long and detailed introduction to the anthology covers the problem and the history of the translation of Greek poetry into English admirably, with ample and generous references and illustrations; and presents the two main sects in translations, those called the Hellenizers, who try for the literal transference of the Greek values, and those called the Modernists, who are ready for whatever is likely to give us "a poem for a poem." It is a relief, nevertheless, to find the editors at the end confessing that the translation of a poem is impossible, and admitting that for our profit, if any, we must fall back on other fruits of the effort.

If Messrs. Higham and Bowra had not ended with that admission, I could not have taken them seriously, nor gone very far in this book of their selections. Even at that they do not seem to me to feel quite strongly enough that many of these versions they quote are insufferable. To take a short example, see the Walter Leaf version of Bianor's epigram of this (man), mean, inconsiderable, yes, a slave, this (man) is loved and is lord of another's soul. It comes out:

> This household drudge, a slave whom all despise,
> Is loved, and royal to one pair of eyes.

When you see stuff like that, so embarrassingly evasive and asinine, you ask yourself, as you do with a great part of the verses presented in this volume, whether the translator did not know what the poem was like that he read in Greek or does not know what this is like that he has written in English. We must feel the same wonder as to the editors who made the choice. That short example brings up, also, the question of the use of end-rhyme in translating Greek poetry. The editors here are inclined to a wider lenience by a long sight than I should ever grant. In certain dithyrambic and Alexandrian verses, if you like, our rhyme may be a cousin to the deed, though I doubt it. Otherwise none of our rhyming. On the other hand, the editors seem to me quite right in excluding from this anthology all translations of Greek poetry into prose. Pleasing and often beautiful as these may be, they give the impression of a type of simplicity in Greek poetry—and art—that does not exist, and in doing so they confirm certain preconceptions among us that are not true and that encourage some of our worst limitations in lean and supposedly simple directions.

[1] **The Oxford Book of Greek Verse in Translation, edited by T. F. Higham and C. M. Bowra. New York: The Oxford University Press. 893 pages. $3.**

Immortal Lyrics, edited by Hudson Strode. New York: Random House. 345 pages. $2.50.

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Whatever the theory or argument over translating Greek poetry into English, this Oxford volume is a desirable possession. For those who read no Greek, there is here at least a mass of suggestions as to what the body and range of that poetry was like, or shall we say of what were its themes, ideas and intentions. They furnish also an interesting survey, or outline, of the conceptions of poetic style in our different epochs and among the different scholars, and of the conceptions of classic poetry and the prevailing theories of its translation. To such an interest as this last, Mr. Strode's anthology makes a rather dazzling companion; for here with fine taste he gives us examples of works that parallel in epoch and style these poetical versions of the Greek.

This volume of "Immortal Lyrics" may, as a matter of course, boast other usages. It is a collection rich and flexible, of a secure range, with an introduction that is sound, persuasive and, quite properly, somewhat drunk with the heady content that is to follow. STARK YOUNG

January Round-up

The Gentle People, by Irwin Shaw. Belasco Theatre, January 5, 1939.
Dear Octopus, by Dodie Smith. Broadhurst Theatre, January 11, 1939.

"THE GENTLE PEOPLE," a Group Theatre production, has some good writing in it and a good idea. The gentle people are two old chaps, a Jew and a Greek, who escape from the workaday world a few hours each night to sit moored in their little boat off Steeplechase Pier at Coney Island, and fish. And presently even these scraps of peace are threatened by a gangster, who shakes them down for protection money and makes a heavy play for old Goodman's daughter—so the gentle ones are driven into taking this hot rock out one night and sinking him in the bay.

But as produced (Harold Clurman), there is some hesitation over whether they want straight drama or laughs, and a tendency to go out indiscriminately for both, so that I do not know where you can match the scene of the murder for confusion and plain criminal awkwardness—the whole climax of the piece held up and stretched farther than the nerves will go while there is all this hammy playing for guffaws, the whole effect of resolve and violence ruined. Partly through the curious casting of Franchot Tone as a gorilla, partly through direction, the beating up of Jonah Goodman might have been a valuable addition to "The Black Crook." And Mr. Sam Jaffe plays the necessarily solid and human character of the main part with a guilty sort of vocal tremor and overemphasis, as though he were still the Grand Lama of Shangri-La and still didn't believe it (his old Jew further confused me by suggesting Chico Marx doing his eternal and phony Italian creation).

It is too bad to clutter a stage with such sloppy work, for Irwin Shaw's play is a modern idyll, and as such is most effective only when sustained in tone. Even as it is, it has the homely beauty of the commonplace; the family life of the Goodmans is a rich little document of humor and pathos; and the scene in the Russian Baths is as true a piece of creative theatre as you'll find—what with the great Lammanawitz and the Polack running antiphonally to the business of desperate resolve and death, the steaming bodies and the illusion of close heat, it fairly leaves the ground. If you could get an audience that would stop bellowing and anchor Mr. Jaffe's eyeballs, it would run like music.

Sylvia Sidney was the touch of the young and beautiful; Elia Kazan did his perfect Brooklyn youth, Lulla David her perfect nagging wife; and Lee J. Cobb made the Lammanawitz bit the biggest thing in it.

For contrast there is "Dear Octopus," a mild-mannered play of family life with no special idea at all, and action only when people go up or downstairs. Yet it is so consistently well played and staged, and written with such a close mesh of observed and verifiable details that the effect is a genial kind of evening—old hat but not spoiled and quite comfortable. Dodie Smith wrote it principally to be writing a play I am sure, but her theme-purpose is: More power to the bonds of English family life (the momentary attention to the question: Is there an after life? is apparently an idea of her own and thrown in free). All you need to know is that there is a week-end reunion of young and old in the ancestral home, and that from grandchildren up each has his own quirks and troubles. That the sets and groupings are cleverly executed throughout, and that the cast includes Lucille Watson, Lillian Gish, Rose Hobart, Jack Hawkins and no weak sisters.

Add the Late Lamented.—I was sorry to see Stanley Young's "Bright Rebel" close with such a snap (in spite of the title); but it seems that literary plays don't go down so well and often make critics angry. Though going to pieces dramatically at the end, the story made interesting speculation on the character of Byron, concentrating on phases of his personal life and choosing to see him as a deliberate outcast with a social conscience. There were scenes of wit, anger, villainy and compassion, and while in Mr. John Cromwell as Byron there seemed to be quite a lot of tearing around, this wore off and in general there was produced a picture of a man facing up to a common disapproval he could not beat, but still facing up. It was not such a natural as "Oscar Wilde," nor so handsomely written and done, but not weak enough to make the difference between a near-hit and a flop.

If "Everywhere I Roam" had been made as a take-off on the Living Newspaper it would have had some point at least; as it was, its rapid succession of scenes and dance sketches—depicting, I believe, the rape of the American land by financiers, et cetera—left a jumbled impression of the serio-comic. It was adapted from an Arnold Sundgaard play by Marc Connelly, and once you had excepted the visual effect, which was often simple and nice, you could agree that Mr. Connelly's poor taste is impeccable. It wouldn't be anything to fuss about if there weren't the idea of a line from Stephen Foster, the lovely name of Johnny Appleseed and the serious accomplishment of the Federal Theatre men, all put to such a palpable and hollow purpose.

And Bring Back, Oh Bring Back.—The Playhouse Company has started off its idea of an ever normal theatre with a bang by reviving Sutton Vane's "Outward Bound." Casting Laurette Taylor as Mrs. Midgit and thus automatically starring the part gives the play a shift of emphasis; but the direction and design and the work of Florence Reed, Bramwell Fletcher and Louis Hector make a pro-

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duction of such depth and easy sincerity that a passing image in the theatre of fifteen years ago comes up again, its dramatic vigor sustained.

The last two acts are no doubt what actors look forward to, what with their high exits, entrances, passions; yet the first part, comprehending all the rest in its mixture of personalities, gayety, human sweetness and an eerie darkening light, is the thing that so rarely happens anywhere: the picture coming to completion gradually and perfectly with the effect in illusion of a camera rolling back to reveal the shadow beyond the substance.

The resurrection of "The Importance of Being Earnest" is on the other hand sad. All right, so Oscar Wilde dates; so we should perhaps reproduce him with a feather boa in our cheek? So a play in any event is nothing but the quaint nineties and a pair of checkerboard pants? With the exception of Clifton Webb, this company has taken the title so literally as to make one of the most painful theatre evenings I remember. Wilde's best sayings are already in the public domain, establishing him surely as the flashiest wit in English literature. His arch enemies (and "arch" is a keynote word here in every respect) are those who stomp the dust from the boards of that curious hencoop called the Vanderbilt Theatre, demonstrating to all but the dullest (*i.e.*, the vocal part of the audience) a weakness and previousness of heart and mind that we were about ready to forget.

OTIS FERGUSON

The Bandwagon

When the Negro demands justice in the courts of the land, he forgets that he would not even know what is regarded as justice if it were not for his association with the white man. – *From an article in Liberty entitled "I Am a Prejudiced Southerner."*

The old Klan is dead but we have the American Legion, and you sheriffs should get in touch with them at any time. – *Sheriff-elect Harry E. Smith of Jefferson County (Birmingham), Alabama, quoted in The Birmingham News.*

Lose Your Brain and Like It

A man who has been a failure in business, after such an operation [destruction of brain tissue in frontal lobes of the brain] became a very successful salesman and later sales manager. His wife reported that he made a much better husband after part of his brain had been removed. . . . Psychic surgery proves that certain people would be better off with less brains. It confirms what I have told so many people not yet in need of an operation, that in their quest for happiness they should use their heads less and their feet more. – *From "The Rediscovery of Man" by Henry C. Link.*

He's a Big Boy Now

Robert was the only Musica brother not involved in the collapse of the $1,000,000 United States Hair Company, in 1913, a major financial scandal of the period, for which Coster-Musica assumed all blame. Robert was only nine years old then. – *News item in The New Britain, Conn., Daily Herald.*

Man Bites Dog

Widow Robs Bank. – *Headline in The Chicago Daily Times.*

Out-to-Lunch Department

Mr. Flynn asserts: "There is one group on the left in this country which is violently for collective security and heavy argument. This is the Communist Party."

Surely it is high time to suggest that for comparisons it is hardly necessary to go back as far as Torquemada . . . and that, after all, Catholics are the ones who got it in the neck in the good old Inquisition days. For every Jew, they lost three respectable citizens. – *Both items from The New Republic, the first from the correspondence columns in our issue of December 21 and the second from "A Catholic Defends His Church," by George N. Shuster (January 4).*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

Should the Jews Come In?

SIR: In your issue of November 23, in an editorial entitled "Let the Jews Come In!" you present a plea for the admission of large numbers of Jewish refugees, using the expression, "we can see no possible reason why the unused quotas from other countries should not be transferred to the refugees."

Permit me to suggest two reasons why the admission of perhaps 500,000 Jewish refugees cannot be viewed quite so simply as a matter of humanitarianism. The first is that there is a powerful current of anti-foreignism and anti-Semitism in particular running close to the surface of the American public mind, ready to burst out into violent eruption on relatively slight provocation. An editorial in the issue of The Nation of almost even date (November 19) recognizes this clearly. It speaks of "the anti-Semitism that lurks just under the surface in all countries" and observes truly that "The existence of anti-Semitism is not to be denied. It is a part of the daily experience of Americans, as well as Germans." Remembering the Native American and Know Nothing movements, the American Protestant Association and the Ku Klux Klan, it is not fanciful to feel that the sudden admission of half a million alien Jews might . . . cause this deep-seated emotion to burst out into action.

The second reason is that a wholesale readiness to accept the victims of foreign persecution inevitably acts as a standing invitation to any country that wishes to get rid of its Jewish elements to start persecuting them. On the very day that your editorial came to my attention there appeared a news item in The New York Times in which Poland was reported as virtually saying in so many words, "Must we be penalized for our decent treatment of our Jewish minority? Must we start persecuting them in order that they may find a haven or refuge in lands which now exclude them?"

My purpose in this communication is not by any means to discourage philanthropic aid to Jewish refugees nor to deny the obligation of countries that are still to some extent demo-

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cratic and economically prosperous to use every rational means to alleviate and remedy the present world situation. But I do believe that a realistic liberalism, which comprehends in its view the whole of mankind both for the present and the future, compels us to recognize that the solution of the existing problems is by no means so simple as to be achieved by an immediate benevolence of the old-fashioned "charitable" order, but demands the most penetrating and comprehensive analysis.

New York City HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD

Two Views on the Sailors' Union

SIR: I am writing this letter to protest the several half-baked statements made by one Edward Levinson in his recent article regarding conditions in the marine unions. I am not a member of the Communist Party, neither am I a member of the Socialist Party, although I think that Mister Levinson uses the selfsame half-baked truths that the Socialists and Trotskyites use out here.

Mister Levinson made the statement: "The membership of the Lundeberg union has overwhelmingly approved returning to the AF of L." This statement shows how much Mister Levinson knows about conditions in the SUP. (I am a member.) The facts are as follows: There are over seven thousand members in the Sailors' Union, and out of seven thousand a little over three thousand voted, and those who voted were the men on the steam schooners, and coastwise ships, and the "stand-by men" and men on the beach ashore in the different ports. The other four thousand men on the intercoastal ships and deep-water ships didn't get a chance to vote, as the voting was conducted by a show of hands at each meeting, four meetings in succession. . . .

Any honest member of the SUP who attempts to challenge the machine in San Francisco is "dumped," therefore a mental reign of terror exists in the SUP.

The reason why Lundeberg didn't have a revolt on his hands when he burned the CIO ballots was because the men were on the ships at sea, and because his agents and allies, J. P. Cannon and Company, so confused the issues that it was impossible at that time to do anything, but there is a growing resentment among the honest membership of the SUP at the Red-baiting and lies that are now being circulated, *viz.*, that La Follette's paper is a "commie sheet" and forbidden in the hall, that The Catholic Worker is also another "Red sheet" and if you are caught reading it you are indexed as a "commie." The only papers that one can read in the SUP halls with any degree of safety are Dave Beck's, Bill Green's and Hearst's.

Seattle, Wash. ROBERT CARR

SIR: Despite Mr. Carr's advantage in being a member of the Sailors' Union of the Pacific, he is far off the mark in stating that the recent vote on reaffiliation of the SUP with the American Federation of Labor was not representative. There were 3,106 votes cast in that referendum. Of these, 2,144 voted to accept a "national charter" from the AF of L, 927 voted "no," and 35 ballots were void.

Whether the total of 3,106 votes is representative may be deduced from the following figures: during the strike of 1936-37, *when all the members were ashore*, the total vote cast in election for officers was 3,008. The total vote cast in the 1937-38 election was 3,032. The total vote cast in 1937 on whether the union should go CIO, AF of L or remain independent was 2,485. I think these figures justify the conclusion that the membership "overwhelmingly approved returning to the AF of L."

Mr. Carr also gives the impression that men at sea while shore meetings were held were not permitted to vote. My information is that the crews voted as they arrived in port. The ballot boxes were open for at least one month.

May I recall that I did not note the vote to return to the AF of L with approval. On the contrary, I indicated that I thought Mr. Lundeberg and the SUP were making a great mistake.

New York City EDWARD LEVINSON

An Appeal for Spanish Writers

SIR: I have had a letter from my friend, Marià Manent, a poet and scholar of Barcelona, who has translated much American poetry into Catalan, asking me to form a committee with Mr. Archibald MacLeish, to endeavor to meet the desperate needs of a number of Catalan writers who are faced with actual shortage of food. It is food, not money, for which he asks.

I have met many of these writers and have the highest respect for them as I have for Marià Manent, and I wish, in my own name and that of Mr. MacLeish, to ask American writers to help in this urgent emergency. It is to writers that Marià Manent specifically appeals.

Will any writer who wishes to help, write me, engaging himself or herself to contribute a sum of from $1 to $10 a month for six months, with the possibility of optional renewal? The money will be used either, without deduction for expenses, to purchase food abroad or, if it seems better, to purchase and send food from here with a very small deduction for the overhead expenses of a committee already engaged in sending food to the children of Spain.

Please write to me care of The Saturday Review, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City, enclosing a first-month check, or to Mr. Archibald MacLeish, Curator of the Nieman Foundation, Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

New York City HENRY S. CANBY

Lift the Spanish Embargo!

SIR: A profound crisis in American foreign policy impends. There are the clearest indications that the powers whose pact at Munich made possible the dismemberment of Czecho-Slovakia have a similar dispensation prepared for Spain. They will call it "mediation"—a mediation to be forced upon the Republic of Spain by the grant of belligerent rights to Franco and the threat of effective blockade which such grant entails. In point of fact, it will be a second capitulation to the Rome-Berlin axis and a virtual guarantee of a fascist Spain.

The members of this committee [Lawyers' Committee on American Relations with Spain] are firmly convinced that this is a matter which vitally concerns our nation. It is not merely the spread of authoritarian aggression and its consequent threat to democracies which concerns us. We are equally concerned with the serious challenge presented to the economic security and political integrity of the Latin American republics—a security and integrity guaranteed by the Monroe Doctrine. It becomes increasingly evident that the dictator powers are seeking to control the economic and political destinies of the countries of South America. To this end they are expending huge sums of money and concentrating the energies of thousands of their agents. If they are permitted to succeed, it will mean a very grave menace to our own interests and ultimately to our freedom itself. Fascism predominant in Spain, the mother country, will encourage and make easy further fascist penetration in South America.

The threat to South America has not been ignored by the United States. Plans for navy and army expansion reflect a growing concern on the part of the government. Strangely enough, our government, almost deliberately it seems, has turned away from the least expensive and safest antidote. We refer to the lifting of the embargo on arms to Spain. This step would not only aid a sister democracy, but would serve notice

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to the world that we do not intend to countenance fascist depredations in this hemisphere. The Chamberlain and Daladier governments will not be likely to recognize Franco as a belligerent when we have set him down as a rebel without legal standing.

Both President Roosevelt and Secretary Hull have repeatedly emphasized the necessity for adherence to the rule of law in international relations rather than to the rule of force. It is the tragic and ironic fact that our policy with respect to Spain flouts those very principles so ardently espoused, and constitutes a repudiation of our traditional foreign policy of rendering aid to established governments attempting to suppress insurrection, and to refrain from aiding insurgents directly or indirectly.

We urge all those who value peace, democracy and the rule of law to write at once to the President and to Secretary Hull and demand that the embargo be lifted.

DARWIN J. MESEROLE, HAROLD P. SELIGSON, WALTER GELLHORN, MILTON KOUVITZ, H. H. NORDLENGER, PAUL J. KERN, S. JOHN BLOCK, ALBERT S. BARD, DOROTHY KENYON, THURGOOD MARSHALL

New York City

The Poles Hate the Germans

SIR: You write in your issue for December 7:

"Heretofore, it has been assumed that Poland was completely under German domination; and it has been assumed also that since Munich, Soviet Russia would be isolated from the Western world."

For more than four years I have been telling my lecture audiences from coast to coast that an alliance between Poland and Germany was unthinkable, and have written many editorials and other articles to the same effect. There was never any foundation for the assumption that Poland was or would come under German influence. There should never have been any doubt that when it came to the touch, Poland would be found on Russia's side.

The Poles, including even Foreign Minister Beck, know what Neville Chamberlain and a good many other so-called statesmen have apparently not yet realized—that the first point of the Nazi program, declaring that all Germans wherever domiciled must be united in one German Reich, means exactly what it says. Poland has a German minority variously estimated at from 700,000 to 900,000. And the Poles hate the Germans.

Asheville, N. Y. S. MILES BOUTON

Liberalism on the Bandwagon

SIR: As a former contributor, former subscriber and as a member of the League of American Writers, I want to protest the use of your not-so-humorous Negro-baiting title in the Bandwagon for November 23, "Hit-the-Coondoggling." This sort of thing is entirely unworthy of such a magazine as The New Republic. As a defender of The New Republic's liberalism, and as a Negro who teaches at Howard, I have been quizzed no end about this title. I do hope that you will find it within the province of liberalism to retract this title.

Washington, D. C. EUGENE HOLMES

[We do not willingly give offense to a minority with whose oppressed condition we have so long been in such sympathy. However, Mr. Holmes and those who quiz him no end may have missed the idea of our Bandwagon department, which is that of catching the wrong people out on a limb clad only in their own prose. In the item under discussion we saw a naïve sort of callousness revealed in the official and solemn jargon: we titled the thing to point it up accordingly. However, we're glad to withdraw the title if unintentionally it did offend. – THE EDITORS]

From The New Republic Mail Bag

The nicest suggested addition to "Books That Changed Our Minds" comes from Ruth Van Buskirk of Cleveland, Ohio. She says her personal list would include Cornelia Parker's, "American Idyll," because it mentioned The New Republic. Miss Buskirk was interested, bought a copy and has been reading us faithfully ever since. . . . Theodore Mahaffey of El Centro, California, heaps praises upon Heywood Broun's tousled head for his column on Paul Y. Anderson (January 4). . . . Edwin M. Curry of Morgantown, West Virginia, corrects a factual error in the December 21 "Washington Notes." The sentence should have read that Secretary Woodring is a past-commander of the American Legion in Kansas, and not West Virginia.

S. Barron of New York City criticizes the review of Robert Briffault's "Decline and Fall of the British Empire," by Robert Morss Lovett in the December 28 issue. Mr. Barron holds that the "slips" which Mr. Lovett corrected were not errors at all; that Briffault's book is "a great job"; that Briffault, in his attacks against the Britain of Neville Chamberlain and the City of London, is a sort of "twentieth-century Voltaire." Mr. Barron confidently offers a "thousand pages of documented notes to justify every sentence Briffault has written."

S. J. Baker of Mendon, Michigan, commenting on the editorial, "Who Won the French Strike?" (December 14), writes that the continued success of the labor unions in France must be "pleasing to the dictator nations" because of labor's defeat of any acceleration of the French arms production. "France . . . will be rendered an easy victim to the totalitarian governments by the avaricious spirit of its man in the street."

The League of American Writers, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City, and the Booksellers' Guild announce a manuscript sale, Sunday, February 19, at the Hotel Delmonico, proceeds to go to the Fund for Exiled Writers and the Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade. Included are autographed manuscripts by Van Loon, Thomas Wolfe, Hemingway, Einstein, etc., etc.

What's on the Air?

"Mobility of Population and Education" is discussed by members of the faculty of the University of Chicago, Saturday, January 21, 12 noon, NBC-Blue Network.

Walt Disney's staff members tell how they work, Saturday, January 21, 7 P.M., CBS.

Alfred M. Landon addresses Kansas Press Association at Topeka, Saturday, January 21, 9:30 P.M., NBC-Red Network.

"Americans All—Immigrants All," the story of Scandinavians in America, Sunday, January 22, 2 P.M., CBS.

Quincy Howe, and others, discuss the question, "What Policy Will Keep the United States Out of War?" Sunday, January 22, 7 P.M., CBS.

Thurman Arnold, and others, debate the question, "Are Monopolies Retarding Business Progress?" on America's Town Meeting of the Air, Thursday, January 26, 9:30 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

Arthur J. Altmeyer, chairman of the Social Security Board, talks on "Progress Toward Security," Thursday, January 26, 10:45 P.M., CBS.

Musical and dramatic programs of the week include the Metropolitan Opera's "Simon Boccanegra" by Verdi, Saturday, January 21, 1:55 P.M., NBC-Red Network; Arturo Toscanini, Saturday, January 21, 10 P.M., NBC-Blue Network; the New York Philharmonic, Sunday, January 22, 3 P.M., CBS; Bach Cantata series, Sunday, January 22, 7 P.M., Mutual; "Sooth," a story by Wilbur Daniel Steele, Monday, January 23, 10:45 P.M., CBS; Gilbert and Sullivan's "Princess Ida," Tuesday, January 24, 8 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

All times given are Eastern Standard Time.

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Books in Review

The Ghost of an Anglophile

AT FIRST GLANCE, Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith seems the type of everything absurd and vulnerable about the expatriated American in England.

A member of rather a distinguished family of Philadelphia Quakers, who combined intellectual and religious pursuits with West Indian commerce and glass manufacture and who included some minor scholars, several evangelists well known in their day and the late head of Bryn Mawr, Miss Carey Thomas, he was persuaded by Miss Thomas herself to give up his work in the family business and to go to live permanently with his parents and his sister, who had already settled in England. It was the eighties, when the cultural situation of the post-revolutionary period was reversed: during the early decades of the century, the American intelligentsia had gone to Europe only in order to plunder the old country of all that could nourish the new humanity, the new literature and art of the States; but, after the Civil War, when the up-and-coming industrial interests had definitely won the day over the older American farm and village and seemed to be crowding out everything else, many people with the old habits and education became ashamed of the United States and, believing the battle lost, went for training and recognition to Europe. It is a little hard to remember today when the culture of such a large part of Europe seems in process either of drying up for lack of vital juices or of being deliberately destroyed by patriots and when the European intellectuals are fleeing for refuge to us instead of the other way around; but it is essential to the understanding of Mr. Smith—as of Eliot and Henry James—to realize that renouncing America could once present itself as a liberation to a richer and freer life, and could imply an internal struggle in which, for certain sorts of people, the courage did not always lie in deciding to remain at home.

The issue is clearly shown in the remarkable conversation which Mr. Smith reports having had in the eighties with his cousin, Miss Thomas. "So thee is going into the family business?" asked Miss Thomas; and when the young man replied that he was, "Well," she said, "I'd rather shoot myself."—"But," the young Logan protested, "it may be a chance to make a fortune!"—"Why make a fortune?" she retorted. "Look at our cousins who have gone into the business; they've all become dull old men before their time. What good has their money done them?" When he asked her whether she really believed that he should do right to "give up America, with its need for culture and cultivated people?" she simply replied, "Bosh!" She advised him to take up writing and when he told her that he had no talent, " 'Then go and live at Monte Carlo and enjoy thyself,' was the advice of this eminent Quaker to her young Quaker cousin of twenty-one." And the whole struggle is shown in even more curious form in the memoirs ("English Years") of Mr. James Whitall, another cousin of Pearsall Smith's, who tells of how he and his wife, belonging to a younger generation, still arrived at the same great decision, of how, when they came to England, they found themselves mightily awed by "Cousin Logan," who had learned to say "How d'ye do?" casually and curtly like the English, and of how, on first meeting Henry James, Mr. Whitall opened the conversation by oafishly blurting out that he had "shaken the dust" of the States "from his shoes" and how the great man gently reproved him by remarking that under the circumstances this might be the only "right thing" to do but that one oughtn't to be too blatant about it.

Mr. Whitall was much younger and has returned; but Mr. Smith is still swimming in anglophilia,[1] and it is all too easy to make fun of his illusions. He is, for example, under the impression, one finds, that America has produced nothing "permanent" since Emerson's Essays, "The Scarlet Letter," "Leaves of Grass" and William James. He has already told in an earlier essay of how, discovering a map of the United States in the American consulate in Florence, he cried out to an American friend: "Why, good heavens! why, from the point of view of style, that whole continent could sink beneath the waves of the sea, and never leave a ripple!" "Can one imagine," he asks now in "Unforgotten Years"—and this evidently applies to England, too—"any one of the younger literary lions polishing a phrase to make it perfect, or searching dictionaries for the word he wants?"—as if there were not in some quarters, just as there was in the nineties, searching and polishing and little else. And in the meantime Mr. Smith himself—who is now an expert on English usage and consulted by the British broadcasters—writes language of such a neutral color as can only be attained by an American who has stripped away his American colloquialisms and yet must still handle English turns of phrase a little like a foreign language, who sedulously but with rather a limping pulse, must labor to keep up a rhythm which nevertheless misses the tempo of both English and American speech. Furthermore, with all his talk about good prose, he frequently produces such writing as this: " 'That's my class, the class I belong to' she mentioned, just as a cat might say, 'I am a cat,' or a dog remark that he belonged to the dog species" (why not, "as a cat or a dog might say 'I am a cat,' 'I am a dog' "?); "there are two main methods of attaining excellence in writing, two ways of attempting to reach the peaks of Parnassus" (wouldn't any literary schoolboy of Hemingway's generation know enough to throw out the second part of this, which is the type of many passages in Pearsall Smith?—wouldn't it have seemed even to James's generation simply a banal and academic piece of verbiage?); "those deifications of Shakespeare he regarded . . . as a piece of German propaganda, having been started by the German romantic writers for the purpose of liberating their drama from the tyranny of French ideals, thus substituting

[1] Unforgotten Years, by Logan Pearsall Smith. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 296 pages. $2.50.

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Shakespeare as a model which would leave them free to follow their own disorderly instincts and devices" (a little of the care which Mr. Smith recommends to the slipshod modern writer of prose would have straightened these participles out). And in all his culling and collecting of aphorisms—to which he seems to have devoted a great deal of thought—though he has been through Santayana and Emerson and has rescued the sayings of several little known Englishmen, it has never occurred to him to call attention to the memorable maxims prefixed to the chapters of "Pudd'nhead Wilson" or to put together, as Carl Sandburg has done in one of the sections of "The People, Yes," some of the remarkable things in Lincoln.

Mr. Smith, with his dear eccentric spinsters with whom he so loves to take tea and about whom, after their deaths, he writes droll but sympathetic memoirs, with his rummaging in old English country houses for hitherto unpublished documents of mild antiquarian interest, is the ghost of James's Passionate Pilgrim, himself a little spectral in his prime, the last and faintest incarnation of Mr. Prufrock, who has forgotten even the eagles and the trumpets and the mermaids riding seaward on the waves.

And yet there is something in Pearsall Smith. I always used to think "Trivia" overrated. A certain amount of it, to be sure, seems quite obvious—the style and the sentiment both; and yet there *is* something in it, something dry, independent, even tough. There are things which one took in at a glance when one first picked up the book and looked through it, and yet which ever since have stuck in one's mind. So the first series of "Trivia," Mr. Smith now tells us in his memoirs, was published in 1902 at the author's own expense and sold about thirty copies; but slowly they got to be known, and now everybody more or less has read them. The point is that Pearsall Smith, in dealing with incidents frankly infinitesimal, somehow succeeds in being impressively truthful: he has put something or other on record—"I know that my voice is the voice of truth, and my umbrella God's umbrella!" It may be the moment when the American Whitmanesque and Emersonian self-assertion shamefacedly returning to Europe, finds itself self-conscious and comic. It may be the peculiar combination of helpless inadequacy and contemptuous superiority which the artist and thinker must feel in the contemporary bourgeois world. But in any case there is a real personality distinctly and honestly drawn: the pedant, the bore and the snob in him have been delineated by Mr. Smith with the same intentness and precision as the moralist and the esthete. Mr. Smith, as he tells us in this new book, became a convert to the heresy of Perfectionism (at one time professed by John Humphrey Noyes, the founder of the Oneida Community), which held that it was possible for the Christian to reach a plane where he was free from sin even while still in this world; and he says that, though he has "undoubtedly done things that were tactless and dishonest, and what the world would consider wrong," he has "never felt the slightest twinge of conscience" or "experienced for one second the sense of sin." And one of the most remarkable things about him is the blandness with which he accepts himself: "I love money; just to be in the room with a millionaire makes me less forlorn"; "People say that life is the thing, but I prefer reading"; "How can they say my life is not a success? Have I not for more than sixty years got enough to eat and escaped being eaten?" With all this, he is always being betrayed by enthusiasms, egoisms, idealisms, which make him, the moment after, feel clumsy and out of place.

These aphorisms are my favorite department of "Trivia"; and I am not sure that the section called "Last Words" isn't the best of all. He seems to get better as he gets older and more shameless. This new book, "Unforgotten Years," is certainly one of the best things he has done. My experience with it was the same as with "Trivia"; when I first read the chapters in The Atlantic, they seemed to me rather slight; but then I found afterwards again that the sketches remained in my mind and that I was glad to reread them in the book. About the celebrated people he has known, Whitman, Matthew Arnold, Edith Wharton, Whistler, he does not tell you at any great length; but the anecdotes and traits are selected with exceedingly telling effect and often reveal something important of which one had never learned from any other source. It makes Whistler a great deal more credible to know that "at times there was a touch in him of the loud bar-frequenting American"; it makes tangible the Philistine one had suspected in a great preacher against the Philistines to find out that Matthew Arnold presented himself to the boarders in a Dresden pension, who did not yet know who he was, as "a tall figure in a suit of large checks, with a broad face and black whiskers," who "marched in with the jaunty air of an English schoolmaster who, in traveling abroad, assumes what he considers a man-of-the-world deportment," that he used to regale his fellow boarders "with an account of the very favorable reception he had received at the Saxon court from certain dear princesses who were his especial friends, and that he remarked in an off-hand way that 'The Valkyrie' had struck him as 'the sort of thing I should have composed myself if I happened to try my hand at composing music.'" The chapter on Walt Whitman, who used to pay the Smiths long visits when they were living in Germantown and he in Camden, is unique in performing the same kind of feat for an almost mythical figure, who is here brought before us with humor as well as with admiration in his homeliness, innocence and grandeur.

The whole of the American half of the book is better than the part about England and France, because Mr. Pearsall Smith is here describing something which he intimately knew and which it is worth while to put on record: the specialized ideas and habits of the well-to-do Pennsylvania Quakers. It seems to have been one of the pleasantest and at the same time not one of the least strange of those cult-circumscribed American worlds; and Mr. Smith has himself brought something out of it—a moral self-sufficiency and integrity which still stands him in good stead at over seventy after half a lifetime's transplantation in England. Diffident, easily abashed and subject to continual humiliation, as he has presented himself in his writing, he may be; but he recovers and retrieves his position by noting quietly his candid judgments.

He seems today to command a respect from the English which is doubtless in proportion to the faltering of their own self-dependent outspoken character. And for us, though

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his writing seems to suffer from the pale style and the intellectual sterility which blights the American in Europe; yet it is impossible to dismiss him as an old fogey. After all, he has said it first; and he has made us enjoy his company in spite of it. EDMUND WILSON

Sanctuary

The Wild Palms, by William Faulkner. New York: Random House. $2.50.

IN HIS LATEST NOVEL, William Faulkner tries the experiment of telling two completely separate stories; let us call them A and B. He divides each of them into five chapters and prints the chapters alternately, like the black and white squares on a checkerboard.

Story A has for its theme the flight from security into passion. When Harry Wilbourne meets Charlotte Rittenmeyer they fall in love, instantly and fatally, like two characters in a late-Elizabethan tragedy—say, Giovanni and Annabella in "'Tis Pity She's a Whore." Harry is an interne in a New Orleans hospital, a poor boy who has starved himself to earn a diploma; in four months now he should be a practising physician. Charlotte has two little daughters and a prosperous and rather decent husband who doesn't believe in divorce. Yet they abandon all that, in order to nourish love as their one child and one career. A few months later in Chicago, Harry feels that he is getting respectable, that love is turning into habit, and so they flee once more, this time into the mountains of Utah. Charlotte is pregnant but refuses to bear the child because it might divide them. Their last desperate flight ends on the gulf coast of Mississippi, where she dies of an abortion. Harry, refusing to run away, is arrested for manslaughter.

Story B has for its theme the flight from passion and the search for security on an infinitely lower level than that from which Harry and Charlotte are escaping. At the Mississippi state prison farm, there is a tall young convict who is absolutely content to plow cotton for the rest of his days, so long as he is bossed and fed. But the cotton fields are flooded and the tall convict—we never learn his name—is set to work on the levee while the river rises hour by hour. Somebody gives him a boat and orders him to rescue a pregnant woman in a tree and a man on the roof of a cotton house. He finds the woman; then his boat is swept into the river. For the next six weeks, during the greatest natural disaster in the history of the South, his one aim is to get away from the woman (and her child, born in their wanderings), to get away from the need for making decisions and get back to his sanctuary in prison. The record of his journey is crazy and convincing: he is shot at by soldiers, crawled over by snakes, rescued twice and abandoned, while he moves always southward with the crest of the flood. From New Orleans he makes his way northward again and lands on the levee from which he started. "Yonder's your boat," he says to the deputy sheriff, "and here's the woman. But I never did find the bastard on the cotton house."

Except that both of them end in the Mississippi state prison, there is no logical connection between the two stories. They don't even happen in the same year, since the great flood was in 1927 and Charlotte Rittenmeyer died in the era of the WPA. Their relation is almost purely allegorical. By putting the two stories into the same book, Faulkner is saying that some people fight and die to create their own precarious world, whereas others will perform deeds of physical courage, even heroism, in order to escape from the need for moral effort. The tall convict is the ideal soldier for a fascist army. Thus, the fable is effective, but it would have made a better novel if Faulkner had interwoven the two themes in counterpoint instead of merely setting them side by side.

Story A is so tense and somber with a sense of predestined doom that I found it very hard to read. Perhaps it will be equally hard to forget. My only complaint against Story B is that it half-uses a lot of outlandishly fine material and ends too soon. The book as a whole contains two or three of those authentic nightmares in which Faulkner is unequaled. One is the picture of the bankrupt mine in Utah where twenty Poles work furiously through the winter, under the delusion that they will some day be paid; another is the birth of the baby, with the tall convict as midwife, on an Indian mound where all the snakes of the Yazoo delta have taken refuge from the flood. On the other hand, the book seems negligently planned, as if Faulkner paid less attention to plot than to mood and tempo. What happened to the typewriter that Harry took to Utah, and what happened to the tall convict's alligator skins? Not many novelists would publish a book with these loose ends left hanging.

The style is clearer than in "Pylon" or "Absalom, Absalom!" There are only a few paragraphs of the high-flown gibberish, usually printed in italics, that Faulkner writes when he is trying to explain a complicated emotion. There are, however, a few apparently simple passages that are hard to decipher. One of these occurs at the very end of Story A, where Harry is wondering whether to commit suicide now that Charlotte is dead and he must spend the rest of his life in prison. Finally he decides to live—

Because if memory exists outside of the flesh it won't be memory because it won't know what it remembers so when she became not then half of memory became not and if I become not then all of remembering will cease to be.—Yes, he thought, *between grief and nothing I will take grief.*

Only after reading the passage two or three times was I able to insert the imaginary punctuation marks that transform it into a straightforward soliloquy: "Because if memory exists outside of the flesh [comma] it won't be memory [comma] because it won't know what it remembers [period] So when she became not [comma] then half of memory became not [semi-colon] and if I become not [comma] then all of remembering will cease to be." But the passage is better when printed as free verse, with each phrase on a separate line:

So when she became not
then half of memory became not
and if I become not
then all of remembering will cease to be.

Often when Faulkner writes bad prose he is really thinking in terms of poetry. What would he do, I wonder, with a five-act tragedy in blank verse? It might be that he could write his best work for the stage. MALCOLM COWLEY

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A Miscellany

The Mediterranean in Power Politics, by Elizabeth Monroe. New York: The Oxford University Press. 268 pages. $2.50.

MISS MONROE has written a convincing survey of the interests of the several powers in the Mediterranean, taking account of the elements of naval strategy, trade, investment and moral and intellectual influence. Among these, Great Britain finds her Mediterranean position valuable as a means of shortening her imperial communications, and as a matter of prestige in the councils of Europe. To France the Mediterranean is more important because it is the connection between the homeland and the African empire on which her military power more and more depends. To Italy the Mediterranean is vital. Whereas only 20 percent of Great Britain's trade comes by way of that sea, for Italy the percentage rises to 86. Further, since 75 percent of her supplies come from beyond the Mediterranean by way of Gibraltar, Suez or the Dardanelles the outlets are as important as the control of the sea itself. This fact explains Italy's policy in the Red Sea and in Spain. Miss Monroe notes four forces at work, "Italian ambition, Anglo-French conservatism, the German *Drang* and the Arab awakening." In consequence of the immediate danger of the third, she defends Mr. Chamberlain's policy of taking advantage of the division between the dictators over the *Anschluss*, a policy now so obviously fruitless. ROBERT MORSS LOVETT

The Italians of New York, written and compiled by the Federal Writers' Project. New York: Random House. 261 pages. $2.

THIS IS the first volume of a series to appear from the Racial Group of the WPA Federal Writers' Project of New York City. The Group hopes to supply readable, rounded surveys of the various national units in New York, the object being to encourage a sympathetic understanding of immigrant peoples in America. Despite its sketchy style, "Italians of New York" manages to cover a wide field of necessary information (hitherto neglected), recording almost all relevant facts. The full story of the exploitation of the Italian and other immigrant groups is not a pretty one. Multitudes fled the political and economic oppression of their homeland, only to be delivered into a new economic oppression as a source of cheap labor for America's expanding industrialism. Today the resultant degradation and instability raise problems which are incapable of resolution, at any rate while the social relations which fostered them still prevail. Their hopeless economic frustration and sense of political inferiority make many Italo-Americans particularly susceptible to a compensatory nationalism, though of course their attraction to Mussolini's grandstand Romanism only further complicates the root problem of their adjustment. This book merely touches on the elements of these contradictions. For the most part the Group is content to provide an apologetic catalogue of the customs and contributions of the Italians in New York, poorly edited at that. But the studies as a whole will be really valuable to all those who wish to understand American life—especially urban life, in which the concentration of immigrant groups is greatest. MENTANA GALLEANI

One Hundred Poems from the Palatine Anthology, in English Paraphrase, by Dudley Fitts. Norfolk, Connecticut: New Directions. 111 pages. $2.50.

EACH AGE, we are told, must have its own translations. These of the poet Dudley Fitts from the Palatine Anthology are beholden somewhat for their method to *il miglior fabbro*, the arch translator of our time, Mr. Ezra Pound. Their virtues are economy, clarity, cleanness, an absence of plush, padding and flourishes; their defect a lack of that precision and styled wit which rhyme, in the hands of masters, can impart to epigram in English. The versions here hold humor in suspension, rather than precipitate wit: they hang in the air, bland and pervasive; they are not acid or incised, they do not bite or ring. Mr. Fitts has added a commentary modest both in appreciation of the elegiac couplet, whose "dactylic rhythm is deceptive and beguiling . . . the form's extreme concentration . . . very easily results in triviality," and of the translator's limitations—"I have been restrained by a most angelic fear of treading. . . . I have not presumed to touch the greatest of the epigrams; they can be read only in Greek." There is an index of sources from which the poems are taken. The book is beautifully made by the University Press at Cambridge, Massachusetts.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES

Geographic Aspects of International Relations, edited by Charles C. Colby. The University of Chicago Press. 308 pages, maps. $3.

SEVEN competent geographers—six American and one French—argue the case for internationalism versus autarchy in this thirteenth symposium of the Norman Waitt Harris Foundation. The regions covered are those of the Atlantic Basin, with an exceptionally full treatment of West Africa and South America. The contributors are in substantial agreement on three issues: first, that large overseas outlets for population no longer exist (emphasized by Dr. Isaiah Bowman); second, that state intervention in economics is seriously changing politico-geographic relationships (Pierre Denis and Harlan H. Barrows, the latter discussing water resources in the United States); third, that internal government policies have an increasingly international character (Richard Hartshorne, in an excellent analysis of Europe's fifty-six boundary claims, of which twenty-three alone involve Germany and Austria). The net impression is one of enormous social potentialities and technical capacity virtually immobilized by extreme nationalism. HAROLD WARD

Cityward Migration: Swedish Data, by Jane Moore. The University of Chicago Press. 160 pages. $2.

SWEDEN'S excellent demographic methods have made possible this important contribution to the study of population movements within a country. Miss Moore's careful analysis of the economic and social factors determining migration to Stockholm establishes the theory "that people tend to migrate between communities resembling one another in degree of industrial development," and only indirectly from rural or farm districts to large cities. This discovery, if confirmed by other studies, will do much to facilitate the understanding and control of human resources.

H. W.

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Louis Hacker's New Phase

American Problems of Today, by Louis M. Hacker. New York: F. S. Crofts and Company. 368 pages. $2.

LOUIS M. HACKER is one of America's outstanding historians. It is to the everlasting shame of the academicians that they have not given him the recognition that is his due. By all their standards of scholarship his rightful place is in the chair of economic history in one of our front-rank universities, yet he is still outside the pale—his connection with Columbia University is not through the History Department but through the Department of Economics, where he is a lecturer. The academic world does not beat a path to your door if you are a Marxist.

But if the professors fight shy of him, the students do not. Word gets around about who is good and who isn't, and Hacker packs them in year after year. He is popular because he knows his stuff. His latest book is convincing proof of that. Here is a history of the United States since the War which is crammed with all the important facts and figures necessary to an understanding of where we are now and where we may be going. It is not the kind of book that can be read at one sitting; there is too much in it. It is an invaluable reference book which goes to the heart of the important problems of our time.

The section on the decline of agriculture—a revised version of "The Farmer Is Doomed"—is Hacker at his best. No more thorough evaluation of the American farmer's plight has ever come to my notice. Pages 197 to the end of the book are his "Short History of the New Deal" brought up to date. Here detailed answers are given to such questions as What is the New Deal? What are its aims? What is the work of its various agencies? Where is it going? Though I take issue with part of his critique, I respect it as the most competent presentation of that particular point of view. In the eighteen-page section on economic imperialism, his Marxist training serves him in good stead.

In his preface Mr. Hacker states that his book "is written as a history and not as a polemical work." I am sorry this is the case because it seems to me that it is the polemical Hacker who is the more stimulating. Here he is restrained in his criticisms, presenting both sides as far as is possible for a historian with his training. He is more interested in presentation of the facts than in the generalizations to be drawn from them. He succeeds in his purpose and so beats the academicians at their own game. But for the present reviewer this new technique is a disappointment. I miss the acute realistic observation, the stimulating generalization by means of which he formerly gave his readers new and important insights not generally found in other histories. In this book he seems to be pulling his punches. Compare, for example, two passages. The first is taken from "A Short History of the New Deal" (1934):

> But as an economic society during the course of its evolution grows into maturity and old age: when the leading problem shifts from expansion into new fields to consolidation of those already won: when for the living energies of men there are substituted institutional patterns: class lines harden. *Then oppression becomes the unconcealed weapon of the ruling group and class hostilities are unmasked. Revolution is a device* employed by society for the destruction of the constricting molds of such class relations; it wipes them out once and for all and commutes their solidfied forms into a new fluidity. [Italics mine.]

The second is from "American Problems of Today":

> . . . class lines harden. Revolution *sometimes has been employed* as a device for the destruction [etc.].

The difference in the two passages illustrates my complaint. The italicized sentence and the forthright statement on revolution in the 1934 book are the type of observation which we could expect from Hacker and from few other able historians; the watered-down sentence in the current book may be good textbook but it is not typical Hacker. This is not to say that there are not the old Hackerisms sprinkled throughout the book. There are. But he has concentrated them on the New Deal rather than on the main bulwarks of reaction. Thus, there are three pages of attack on New Deal bureaucracy (pp. 279-281) which might have come from the pen of Mark Sullivan.

This criticism is purely personal. I have no doubt that for many readers the new technique will be preferable, but for me, Hacker going respectable is a disappointment. It may be that this respectability will bring him the recognition he deserves from the academicians—but the price is too high.

LEO HUBERMAN

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New Books: A Reader's List

VENEZUELA, by Erna Fergusson (Knopf, $3). A sharply observant, sometimes humorous and always intelligent book about a South American country that is bound to be more important in world affairs in the future. One of the richest in natural resources in the world, Venezuela is a backward country with fierce contrasts and a colorful history; and Miss Fergusson makes it come alive. Fine chapter on the life and importance of Simon Bolivar.

LOOKING BACKWARD, by Edward Bellamy (Houghton Mifflin, $1). A timely reprint, of the book that started three generations of young radicals on the road to Socialist thinking. Introduction by Heywood Broun.

IT CAN BE DONE, by James H. Maurer (Rand School Press, $3). The autobiography of an old Socialist, full of hope and militant class-consciousness, and written with humor and deep feeling. The record of labor's struggles for fifty years, culminating in an intelligent discussion of democracy and dictatorship. A "must" in every labor library.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF ART, by Robert Morris Ogden (Scribner's, $2.50). An analysis of art forms with special emphasis on esthetic education. Illustrated.

CONSULTATION ROOM, by Frederic Loomis, M. D. (Knopf, $2.50). The personal memories and experiences of a California gynecologist, revealing the intimate doctor-patient relationship met by medical men who serve as confessor and physician to women. Characterized by the kind of common sense and maturity you like your doctor to have.

DR. NORTON'S WIFE, by Mildred Walker (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50). A somber and intelligent novel about a doctor's wife who has an incurable disease. Against the skillfully painted background of a medical community the author sketches her story, never letting her cool sympathy slur over into sentimentality.

THE STORY OF ROSABELLE SHAW, by D. E. Stevenson (Farrar and Rinehart, $2). Family conflict in Scotland, revolving around a ship-wrecked waif whom the mother prefers to her own children and the daughter later loves to her sorrow. Tender meat for teeth tired of taking it raw.

ENGLISH FOLK, by Wallace Notestein (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50). A cross-section of England's countryfolk, the examples ranging in type from farm laborer to Whig aristocrat, in time from the Elizabethans to 1900. With obscure memoirs and letters as his sources, the author manages to pin down the English character in a more penetrating and refreshing analysis than it generally receives.

KNIGHTS OF THE RANGE, by Zane Grey (Harper's, $2). A New Mexican belle, head of a cattle empire, sets her cowboys up as crusaders, sends them out to smash the prairie underworld, and finally marries the mysterious dark-eyed stranger. Thirteen men killed, not counting the rats who are pumped full of lead offstage.

"Books That Changed Our Minds"

The third article in the series on "Books That Changed Our Minds" will be published next week. It is a discussion by Professor Charles A. Beard of Frederick Jackson Turner's "The Frontier in American History."

Contributors

STUART CHASE is the author of a great many books, a lecturer and a frequent contributor to many magazines. His article in this issue is an excerpt from "The New Western Front," a short book on foreign relations which Harcourt, Brace and Company will publish next month.

JAMES DALY is the author of two books of verse, "The Guilty Sun" and "One Season Shattered."

BRUCE BLIVEN JR. is a member of The New Republic's editorial staff.

GUENTHER REIMANN, a German economist now living in New York City, is the author of "Germany: World Empire or World Revolution?" He recently returned from a study trip where he gathered material for a new book on "Business Life under a Totalitarian Regime."

GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT, lecturer and military critic, recently published the much discussed book, "The Ramparts We Watch" (Reynal and Hitchcock).

EDMUND WILSON'S most recent book, "The Triple Thinkers," was published last spring by Harcourt, Brace. He is at work on a study of Socialist theory and practice called "To the Finland Station."

MENTANA GALLEANI, the wife of Michael Sayers, is an Italian-American writer now living in Connecticut.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES, poet and critic, is translating the complete poems of Garcia Lorca on a Guggenheim fellowship.

LEO HUBERMAN, author of "We, The People," "Man's Worldly Goods" and "The Labor Spy Racket," is in the Social Science Department at New College, Columbia University.

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